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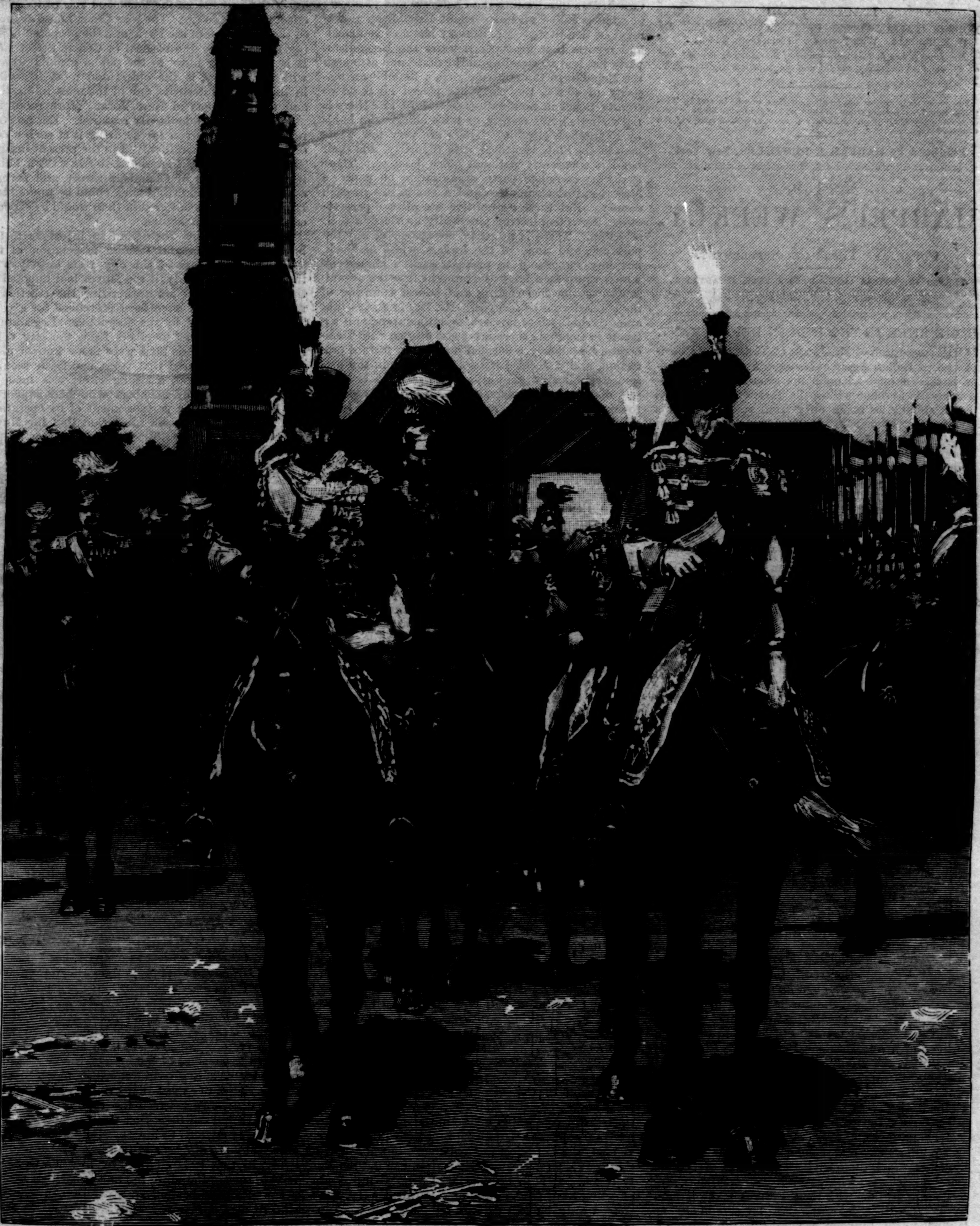

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HOME RULE IN THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

THE suggestion of Mr. JAMES G. WRIGHT, of Chicago, as Indian Agent at Rosebud Agency, in Dakota, has been opposed upon the ground that all appointments to office within the Territories as well as States should be made only from residents. This doctrine of "home rule" has been carried so far that Senator MITCHELL, of Oregon, and the member of Congress from that State, protested against the appointment of a gentleman and his wife, both especially fitted for the place, to the Yakima School. But the protest was in defence of their own usurpation of executive authority quite as much as of "home rule," for the Senator and Representative further stated not only that they had selected proper persons to fill the offices in their State, but that the persons had been informed of their selection. Upon the receipt of this letter the Secretary of the Interior revoked the appointments already made. This is a specimen of Congressional interference and of executive deference under the spoils system which illustrates its complete subversion of the Constitution. Mr. WHITRIDGE'S admirable article in the *Political Science Quarterly* for June describes the advance of this usurpation. Its conditions, however, are humiliating. There is no more mortifying spectacle than that of Senators, often honored and distinguished men, hanging about Washington and the White House as peddlers of petty place, taking part in the wretched squabbles of political traders whom they despise.

The rule that appointments to office within the Territories should be made from residents only is based upon the view that the interests of a community are safer in the hands of one of its own citizens than in those of a stranger. This may be a good general rule for such appointments, but obviously it does not apply to Indian appointments, because the Indian reservation is practically outside of the Territory in which it is situated. The Indians are not in the least, in the sense of this home rule doctrine, citizens of the community in which they live. On the contrary, the voting and controlling citizens are often very hostile to them, and desirous only of being rid of them, and the selection of one of those citizens as the Indian Agent would often result in placing the Indians in the power of one who had no sympathy with them whatever, but shared the hostile feeling of the community. We do not mean that there may not be excellent and suitable agents to be found in the neighborhood of a reservation. But to those who are familiar with the situation it is plain that a general rule compelling such a choice, and excluding those who are known by experience to be peculiarly fitted for the duties of an Indian Agency, would be a fatal policy for the Indian administration.

Mr. WRIGHT'S appointment has been warmly urged by so intelligent and devoted and disinterested a friend of the Indian as Bishop HARE, of Dakota. His high character, ability, long experience, and success in dealing with these Indians make it manifestly for their interests that he should be appointed to the Rosebud Agency. If the citizens of Dakota are really opposed to his appointment, it cannot be in the interests of the Indians, for no intelligent Dakotan would question the peculiar qualifications of Mr. WRIGHT for the agency, and unless some personal objection should be substantiated, the refusal to make the appointment would be a misfortune to the Indian service. We do not understand that the Secretary of the Interior or the Indian Commissioner is opposed to the appointment. The only difficulty, we believe, lies in the home rule doctrine. That this should not apply, however, to the Indian service will certainly be evident to the Executive upon reflection. The most competent counsellors among those who are truly interested in the Indians are most strongly opposed to the rigid application of this home rule doctrine in the appointment of agents.

THE SITUATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

SOME time ago some of the Republican leaders in Massachusetts sent Mr. L. EDWIN DUDLEY to South Carolina to inquire into the character and prospects of what is called an independent Republican movement in that State. Mr. DUDLEY has now returned, and reports that for thirteen years the Republican party has had no standing in the State, and although the Republican Committee claims a Republican majority of 40,000, the party has placed no State or county ticket in nomination since 1876, and there is not a single State, county, or town officer who holds by Republican election. There are very few white men in the State identified with the party, and their bond is apparently national office-holding. There is a very complete party organization on paper; a State Central Committee and a committee in each county. But these committees are all self-perpetuating, the voters having practically no voice in their selection. There is no party newspaper of any importance, and none of the leaders, white or black, has any suggestion to make toward a change by which white men might be brought into the organization, or the free casting and honest counting of the colored vote be secured. Mr. DUDLEY says that among small white farmers, manufacturers, and artisans in the State there are great disgust with Democratic ascendency, a decided inclination toward protection, and a decided indisposition to join the present Republican organization, because of its bad record, dislike of its leaders, and disbelief in its ability to command sufficient respect and confidence to insure its success.

In this situation, he adds, there is a great desire for a new party organization, to be led by native citizens of high character and standing, and he says that there are thousands of white citizens ready to unite with such an organization if it can be recognized as the Republican party. Mr. DUDLEY says that there is an independent organization which began in 1878, which in 1884 put a BLAINE and LOGAN ticket in the field, and at a fair and honest election would return four or five Representatives to Congress. It is not a "white man's" organization, but a party of good and honest government. How this movement is to absorb the Republican organization and vote, however, is not stated. Mr. DUDLEY says that there is such disgust among a multitude of white voters with the present Democratic régime that he believes the independent party can command their votes. But why hereafter, if not heretofore, he does not point out. He says, however, that the colored voters will join when they see that the independent organization is in harmony with the national Republican party and administration, "and fully recognized by them." He repeats his conviction that the administration must "recognize favorably the independent party." This means that the national patronage must be given to it. But how this will effect now what it has not formerly effected Mr. DUDLEY does not state, nor is it easy to see.

The situation in South Carolina is as simple as it is perplexing to every conservative and patriotic observer. There is a conviction among the great mass of Southern white voters that the immediate and fatal peril of the community lies in negro dominance, and that such dominance is to be averted at any cost. A party, therefore, which, under any name or plea, unites the negro vote, they feel to be a party which the whites must unitedly oppose. This is not a situation which will be improved by the distribution of national patronage to a new organization. On the contrary, it will only strengthen the resistance. The situation is altogether beyond the reach of such simple devices. Mr. DUDLEY, however, cannot overstate its importance, and if he cannot suggest a practicable remedy, neither has anybody else yet suggested it. The proposed scheme of national supervision of Congressional elections would not reach or remedy the difficulty. The suppression of the colored vote would not be in the least affected by national supervision of elections, because such supervision could not affect the real causes of the suppression. It is an evil which legislation can but remotely touch. It is to be remedied by moral influences affecting local public opinion. Politically it can be treated only by the determination, which will undoubtedly influence many voters in other States, not to support for any purpose a party which in their judgment owes its success, not to the conviction of the majority of the voters, but to the deliberate suppression of honest votes. The feeling that in certain States or districts the Republican party is successful, not honestly, but by corruption, undoubtedly weakens that party, and the Democratic party will suffer just in the degree of the conviction that it elects Southern electors or members of Congress dishonestly.

PROPOSED RUIN OF THE CITY HALL PARK.

WE have already spoken of the serious blow that is contemplated to the interests of the city of New York in the proposed destruction of the City Hall Park. The building which is to be erected in the northeast part of the Park will extend from Chambers Street to the space or "plaza" in front of the City Hall, a distance of 459 feet. It will cover an area of one and a quarter acres, and the main building will be six stories high. The Post-office building took one-tenth of the Park, and ruined its whole effect from the south. The New Court-house destroyed the north part of the Park, and the proposed building sweeps away the eastern or Centre Street side. It is a finishing blow to the public ground which, with the Battery, is the oldest and most historical in the city, and destroys one of the most interesting and familiar spots in New York. More room for public offices is undoubtedly required. But no good reason has been given for securing it at such a cost of many kinds as that involved in the present design. The *Tribune* justly suggests that STEWART'S building, at the corner of Chambers Street, and several other adequate and fitting sites, could be undoubtedly procured for a smaller sum than would be expended upon the new structure.

The responsibility for a plan so injurious to the beauty and health and historic association of the very business centre of the city rests largely with the Mayor. Certainly, if the Mayor had opposed it, the operation of the act authorizing the erection of the building would have been postponed for a year. The act was passed by the Republican Legislature, and even intelligent members from the city voted for it. But when the facts were made known more fully, and it appeared that votes had been secured by misrepresentation, a strong effort was made at the last moment, by members who had supported the bill, to procure a postponement of its operation. But a strenuous partisan allegation that the Mayor warmly favored the building rallied his party friends to oppose postponement. The necessary unanimous consent to allow the third reading of the relief amendment could not be obtained, and the effort failed. But it is useless, under the circumstances, to view it as a partisan measure. It is a great public injury which is contemplated, an injury to the traditions and associations and convenience of the city, which should enlist the vigorous opposition of all good citizens. The press has generally condemned the scheme, and undoubtedly the best public opinion of the community is earnestly opposed to it. But the law is mandatory. The architects' plans are to be opened on the 1st of August. The Commissioners of the Sinking Fund may lawfully make the contract for building, and it would seem that nothing but an imposing public demonstration of disapproval of the scheme can arrest or delay its accomplishment.

There is always a hopelessness of staying any such mischievous municipal scheme which paralyzes action. The organized interests of jobbery are felt to require for withstanding them more time and toil and money than good citizens are often willing to give. But the danger here is so obvious and immediate that if there be public spirit enough in New York to attempt to baffle a scheme which, without reason or excuse, threatens a serious blow to the common interest, it will make itself heard and felt without delay. The situation is one which again emphasizes the folly of permitting the government of this city to be made a prize of partisan contention and intrigue. All good citizens should make but one party in regulating municipal affairs.

COMMENCEMENT.

ONE of the pleasant signs of the times is the general attention of the press to the college Commencements. More than fifty years ago Mr. EMERSON said, in his famous Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge—the most memorable of addresses at Harvard since EDWARD EVERETT'S remarkable oration in 1824—"Thus far our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more." This is still, perhaps, the most that can be said. But there is this difference between the time in which EMERSON spoke and our own, that while the college is less exclusively devoted to literary studies, it has greatly enlarged its resources, and its range and exactness of study, so that it is conforming to EZRA CORNELL'S noble desire in founding the university that bears his name—"I would found an institution in which any student may pursue any study." During the debates in the Constitutional Convention of 1867, which involved the disposition of the land grant that was finally given to the CORNELL enterprise, Mr. CORNELL sat listening intently, and one day, hearing a Latin quotation in one of the speeches, he said, quietly, "I don't know what that means, but if I can have my way, no boy in this State need be obliged to say so hereafter."

The college is steadily adjusting itself to the conditions of the time, not by renouncing any of its purely scholastic and literary aims for, as we say, it is expanding them, but by multiplying its opportunities and by entering into more intimate relations with the world around it. The first indication of this new spirit was the selection of young, sagacious scholars, who were men of affairs as well as of study, for the presidency of the college. Dr. NOTT, of Union, was in some sense the precursor of the new movement. He was a clergyman, but not a recluse nor a pedant, but an active, energetic, inventive, shrewd man, with a keen sense of public spirit and of public duty. The latest illustration of this disposition is the election of Professor ANDREWS to the Presidency of Brown University, of which we speak elsewhere. Another sign of the changing view was the swift rise of interest in strictly scientific studies, until they threatened to challenge the traditional supremacy of the "humanities." But this tendency, which, pushed too far, might have been a serious injury, has yielded to the conviction that "good is not good to eat;" that knowledge of material laws and the exquisite analysis of their operation is not the end of intellectual culture, but that its highest purpose is spiritual, the development and attainment of high ideals, the consolation and elevation of the soul, which MATTHEW ARNOLD held to describe the true service of the scholar to mankind.

This is the real word of the Commencement exhortation. There is a great deal of fun made of the volleys and broadsides of good advice with which the graduates are saluted and bombarded from the pulpit and the platform. But it is not lost. It is seed sown broadcast, but some falls upon good ground. and springs up into a golden harvest. The word which is spoken at such times is exceedingly significant, because it is never an exhortation to rely upon material results, or to find in riches or honors or industrial prosperity the highest individual happiness or true national glory. This is an instinctive tribute to the fact that the aims and spirit and influence which are felt to be most precious to man are not those which can be measured and weighed and estimated in gold, but which the college and the highest education represent. The last word which the college speaks to the departing graduate is that which expresses the most vital truth of human experience, that man does not live by bread alone. A disposition to sneer at the spiritual culture and intellectual catholicity and discipline which the college symbolizes is as childish as the fancy of a cabin-boy to throw the compass overboard.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THERE has been a universal revival of patriotic memories this year, and the return of Independence Day will prolong the happy strain of patriotic pride and exultation. It will also renew the discussion of the comparative virtue of the earlier epoch and of our own. Mr. CHARLES E. FITCH, the editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, in an eloquent and timely Commencement address at Keble School, in Syracuse, New York, makes a strong and fervid plea for the hopeful view, and regrets what seems to him a pessimistic tendency upon the part of some critics of the country and its condition.

Mr. FITCH quotes with approval the fine passage in which Mr. BRYCE points out the elasticity of the American temperament, and holds national health to be indicated by national hopefulness. This view is true, and the fact of our cheerful disposition is undeniable. But experience is not a bad mentor either for individuals or for states, and to perceive dangerous tendencies is the first step toward correcting them. That party spirit was as acrid in the early days of the government as it is now, and that BENEDICT ARNOLD and AARON BURR are names to warn by, is indisputable. The most ardent eulogist of the past must admit that our fathers, even the Federal JOHN ADAMS and the Republican THOMAS JEFFERSON, the "Colossus of Independence" and the scribe of the Declaration, were exceedingly human.

This must be frankly conceded. But it does not follow that the orator or critic who points out in the same sense our exceeding humanity is a pessimist, or that it is not a patriotic duty to declare that in certain grave particulars we must mend our ways. It is not the man or the nation who boasts most vociferously, or who "celebrates himself" most unqualifiedly, who most commands respect and confidence. WENDELL PHILLIPS's seeming paradox was a simple truth, that to be as good as our fathers, we must be better. That is a good lesson for Independence Day, which the most hopeful of us may profitably ponder.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR PROHIBITION.

THE recent decisive result of the popular vote upon prohibition in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island shows that the public mind is not yet ripe for that kind of restriction of the liquor traffic. This was especially shown in Rhode Island, where the constitutional amendment has been in operation for three or four years, and could be annulled only by a two-thirds vote, which was easily obtained. There is no especial partisan significance in the result. The fact is evident that effective license legislation is generally, but not always, due to Republican Legislatures, and that the liquor interest, as a rule, favors the Democratic party.

There is no question that great numbers of the sincerest temperance men voted against the prohibitory amendment in Pennsylvania and for its repeal in Rhode Island. This means both that they do not think it a proper provision for a constitution, and that they think another kind of regulation of the liquor traffic to be wiser. It would be a great mistake to interpret the result as approval of a passive policy. The Republican party would be undoubtedly stronger as a positive high license party, and in New York it may be justly expected that the efforts of the last three or four years will be renewed, unless the party should decide to stand only for high protection.

There is no reason to suppose that the prohibitionists will cease their agitation. It is with them as with the old antislavery men, a moral crusade, and they are probably afraid neither of a defeat nor of being a minority. But there are nevertheless essential differences between their position and that of the antislavery leaders, and a distinct decline of their vote may suggest a doubt of the wisdom of their methods for these ends. Stout assertion and steady persistence are of great service in the promotion of any reform movement. But a clear comprehension of the actual situation is indispensable to success.

FAIR PLAY IN SPOILS.

THE following extract is a vivid picture of a familiar scene. The "reportorial" artist is describing the return of the Collector of the Port and his private secretary to the Custom-house to attend to the public business, a place with which politics have no more proper concern than in a bank, a school, or a hospital.

"Both had run away to get a rest from the demands of the hungry Republicans. Both got back to the Custom-house at about the same time yesterday. There never was such a scene there as that which was before them. District leaders from New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and scores of lieutenants from up the State, were waiting for them. They choked the iron-railed stone stairway leading to the Collector's office. Clumps of the boys were in all the anterooms leading to the Collector's office. In the big room where Collector MAGONE had his desk, more boys filled the chairs and lounges. The Collector and his private secretary were almost paralyzed. Colonel ERHARDT fled to the inner office, and Mr. HUNT, resigned and apprehensive, went to his desk right among the hungry. Those in the outside corridors crowded in, and until sundown the demands of the faithful were heard. It was a continued shout for places, and long before the afternoon was over, the Collector and his secretary were wilted. The demands were for the places of the Democratic messengers, ushers, and laborers. For every place there was a score of new applicants. There are just so many places, and as each hour goes by the number of applicants increases, until Collector ERHARDT scarcely knows whether he is afoot or on horseback. Just before leaving the Custom-house he ordered that the corridors and entrances be placarded with this:

"'The Collector will have to ask the indulgence of those seeking employment for two weeks.

"'Official business will prevent his granting personal interviews until that time.

"'Applications may be directed to W. S. ROBINSON and given to the messenger.'"

This is a pleasant and creditable way of transacting the public business. It is called the American way, and is described as essential to the preservation of our institutions. Anything else is aristocratic, and belongs to effete monarchies. This is simple, democratic, effective, and economical. If, however, as the Collector's notice implies, it is not official business, why does he engage to attend to it officially after a fortnight? If it be official business, why does he postpone it for a fortnight, when it will be still more difficult to attend to it? If the Custom-house places are spoils, and district leaders and their lieutenants have a just claim to dispose of them, the Collector's attention to them is just as much official business as his attention to importers and merchants. If they are not spoils, the interference of these "leaders" and their lieutenants is as impertinent as would be their assumption to direct any other business in the Custom-house.

If this be the legitimate and proper business of the Collector of the Port, there is a way in which he can greatly facilitate its despatch. Upon the spoils principle every one of the applicants who demands a place has precisely as good a right to it as every other. The Collector presumably will serve for four years, and every place under him may be considered to be of the same term. He has, then, only to divide forty-eight months by the number of applicants, and the result will be the equitable term for each. If there are forty-eight claimants demanding a messengership, let him give each of them one month's service and salary. If more applicants appear, divide the months and reduce the term and salary accordingly. This is the only fair way. One man who has done all he could for the success of the party has just as much right to a messengership as any other man who has done no more, and in appointing one worker to a place for forty-eight months whose emoluments for that term might be equitably divided among forty-eight workers, each getting his share, is manifest treachery to the sacred cause of spoils.

A TIMELY AND SENSIBLE LETTER.

MR. COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT has written an admirable letter to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, which disposes of a great deal of nonsense about civil service examinations, and especially the alleged absurdity of the questions, which is one of the most venerable sneers. It began with the first application of the system under President GRANT, when the statement that a candidate had been asked to name the chief lake ports in the United States was regarded as a complete exposure of the folly of reform. This is a fair illustration of the force of the criticisms and of the opposition to the proposed overthrow of the spoils system, and it is because this is a good specimen of the quality of that opposition that the demand for reform has become so general.

It must be remembered that the result of the examination is not conclusive. It prevents personal favoritism, and it establishes a strong presumption of fitness. But the final appointment is made only after a probation, which is really a practical examination showing qualities which cannot be otherwise demonstrated. But even without the probation the probability of the fitness of a candidate who has passed an adequate examination is infinitely greater than that of one selected to please a committee of politicians or to pay a political debt. This is Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter:

"MILWAUKEE, *June 21st.*

"*To the Editor of the Sentinel:*

"You are quite right in supposing that I never made the statement that I could not myself pass the civil service examinations. The assertion that I did so is a falsehood, pure and simple, and a very ridiculous falsehood at that. I am glad to have a chance to say as emphatically as possible that our examinations are already of a practical character, and that we aim to make them more so day by day. The people who speak about their severity and their scholastic and pedagogic character either err from pure ignorance or else make malicious misstatements. We prepare or have prepared thousands of questions; it is, of course, inevitable that there should occasionally be one that it would be wiser to leave unasked, but as a whole they are perfectly fair tests, either of the candidate's special fitness for his work or else of his general good sense and intelligence. I challenge any one to produce a series of papers (not an isolated question) of which these statements are not true.

"The average age of applicants under our rules we find to be about thirty-one, and this is a sufficient proof that our examinations are drawn so as to suit the average man of full growth, not boys just out of school or college. I have questioned many heads of departments and local government officers about the character and capacity of the men obtained under the new system, and where the head of the department is himself an excellent public servant, doing good work with a good, well-managed office, his reply has invariably been that the men employed under the merit system are much better than the products of patronage.

"The merit system, of course, has faults; we shall try to remedy them where possible; but in any event it is an immeasurable improvement upon the old spoils system, which was, and wherever it obtains to-day is, a fruitful source of all that is most corrupt and degrading in our politics. THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

MRS. HAYES.

MRS. HAYES will be always remembered as among the most charming and gracious mistresses of the White House. The charm was enhanced by her force of character, womanly dignity, and social courage, and her cheerful tact was of the highest service in her conspicuous position. There was something in the impression made by her which might be described as especially American in the highest and best sense. It had nothing of the imitative or exotic air which often marks the *grande dame*, and which, like all imitation, is essentially weak and disappointing. She was a woman of strong and winning personality, of cultivated intelligence and shrewdness, who occupied a great place with entire comprehension of its responsibilities, making a host of sincere friends, and leaving in the White House a tradition of domestic happiness which will be one of its best associations.

PERSONAL.

THE wife of Senator INGALLS says he can not only pack a trunk as well as a woman can do it, but he can also be trusted to select buttons, match a ribbon, or even pick out a dress and have it made up, all of which is most commendable in a man who is also a good lawyer and an editor, and does not lack in other masculine accomplishments.

—During the ARTHUR and CLEVELAND administrations the room in the White House where GARFIELD spent long days of agony before he was carried to Elberon was kept closed and unoccupied. The demands of the present and enlarged Presidential household have, however, brought the apartment into use again.

—Vice-President MORTON's house at Washington, lately the home of Professor ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, has been thoroughly renovated, enlarged, and beautified for its new occupants. It is perhaps the grandest private residence in the city, and in its size and arrangements is well fitted to become the Vice-Presidential mansion.

—Ex-President CLEVELAND has been spending a few days with his wife at Marion, Massachusetts, and during the past week has found time to enjoy a fishing trip on the Long Island coast.

—Rev. WILLIAM HENRY BEECHER, a brother of the late HENRY WARD BEECHER, and the eldest of Dr. LYMAN BEECHER's seven sons, all of whom became Congregational ministers, has just died in Chicago at the age of eighty-seven.

—MARY ANDERSON will not appear on the stage again till October, 1890, it is said, the improvement in her health not being as rapid and radical as had been hoped for.

—G. B. STUDD, once a famous cricketer in England, and now a missionary in China, has not lost his fondness for the game or his skill, but judiciously mixes religion and athletics in his efforts to convert the Celestials.

—Princeton was not the only college to make President HARRISON an LL.D. this year, Miami University, his *alma mater*, having also remembered him.

—Mr. FREDERICK S. CHURCH has presented to Vassar College his great painting called "Knowledge is Power," a very fine engraving of which appeared in HARPER'S BAZAR of July 14, 1888. The original inscription on the frame of the painting was, "Dedicated to the College Girls of America," and it could have found no more fitting home than on the walls of Vassar.

—Lord TENNYSON was much disgusted recently to learn that the manuscripts of some of his unpublished verses had been sold at public auction in London. His protests were too late, and he has been unable to learn how the papers came to the sale.

—ADOLPHUS W. MORTEN, Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds, etc., has had, perhaps, as curious a career as any man in Jersey City, where he has lived and practised law ever since 1854. A little one-story and one-roomed structure on Oakland Avenue, not far from the Oakland Park Base-ball Grounds, is his court-house and castle, and here he has dispensed justice ever since 1857, when there were few houses in that part of the town. He was born in Dantzic, Prussia, in October, 1801, and six years later his father, a wealthy lumber dealer, was driven from the town to Memel, another seaport, by NAPOLEON's army, then on the march to Moscow. When sixteen years old young MORTEN ran away to sea, and was disinherited by his father. He knocked about the world, fought in the Turkish navy for a while, and finally became a peddler in Canada. From there he drifted to New York, and as a rigger organized in 1835 the first labor strike ever known in this country, two thousand 'longshoremen participating. A boycott by the stevedores then drove him to book peddling. He finally became the owner of a book-stand, and numbered HORACE GREELEY among his patrons and friends. Then he got into politics, adopted Fourierism, lost his property, and at last found a haven in Jersey City.

BROWN'S NEW PRESIDENT.

THE Commencement season has brought a new President to Brown University, the corporation of that institution having chosen as the successor of President Robinson, Elisha Benjamin Andrews. Older and more conservative men had been proposed for the place, but the trustees preferred one who was still in the prime of life, and who had made a mark as an original and independent educator. Professor Andrews was the favorite candidate of the younger element in the alumni body. A tradition survives in the affairs of Brown making it necessary for the President to be a Baptist minister. Professor Andrews entered the ministry of that denomination some fifteen or twenty years ago, and for a time he preached. One of the degrees he has received is that of Doctor of Divinity, but he has taught a great deal more than he has preached, and in his denominationalism there has never been anything that could be called bigotry. His sympathies are wide, his learning is ample, and he has made an impression on the life of the communities in which he has made his home.

Professor Andrews was graduated from Brown University in 1870, and is still under forty-five years of age. He thought himself old enough in the time of the war to take part in that memorable contest, and thus is able to count among the incidents of his life a share in the siege of Petersburg. When he had completed his course at Brown he went to Newton Theological Seminary, and was prepared for the ministry. He has also been connected with Denison University, and several years ago he was called to Brown as a professor, taking the chair of History and Political Economy. In the chair he made a distinct mark at Brown, and the value of his work soon became known in other colleges, and especially at Cornell, where, about a year ago, he was offered the chair of Political Economy and Finance. Leaving Brown, to the great regret of friends of the institution, he had just closed the first year of his work at Cornell when invited to return to his *alma mater* as the chief of its faculty.

Professor Andrews, though a young man to be called to this office, is far from being exceptionally young among newly chosen college Presidents. When Andrew D. White became the President of Cornell, more than twenty years ago, he was younger than Professor Andrews now is. The President of Harvard was chosen as a very young man, and the most celebrated President of Brown, Dr. Wayland, when called to the office was fourteen years younger than Professor Andrews. Within the past year Professor Andrews published in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* a paper on "Trusts According to Official Investigations," which was widely discussed and liked. His election is believed to promise much for the future of Brown. The university has already in promise a new astronomical observatory and a model gymnasium, and the impetus of progress that has been made in recent years, combined with the vigor and enthusiasm to be inspired by the new President, ought to lead to excellent results.

[redacted]

THE VENUS OF VIENNE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE C. COX.—[SEE PAGE 539.]

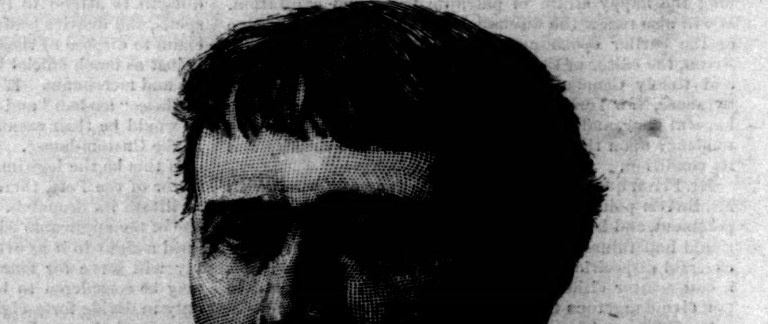
MINISTER PHELPS.

THE appointment of Hon. William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, to be Minister of the United Sates to Germany is a very good one. He has had much experience of public affairs as a member of Congress, and served for a short time as Minister to Austria under President Garfield, while his recent success as a member of the Samoan Commission at Berlin has indicated his possession of some special qualifications for the post of permanent Minister there, for which, indeed, he had been repeatedly mentioned in popular rumor after the rejection by the Senate of the nomination of Mr. Murat Halstead.

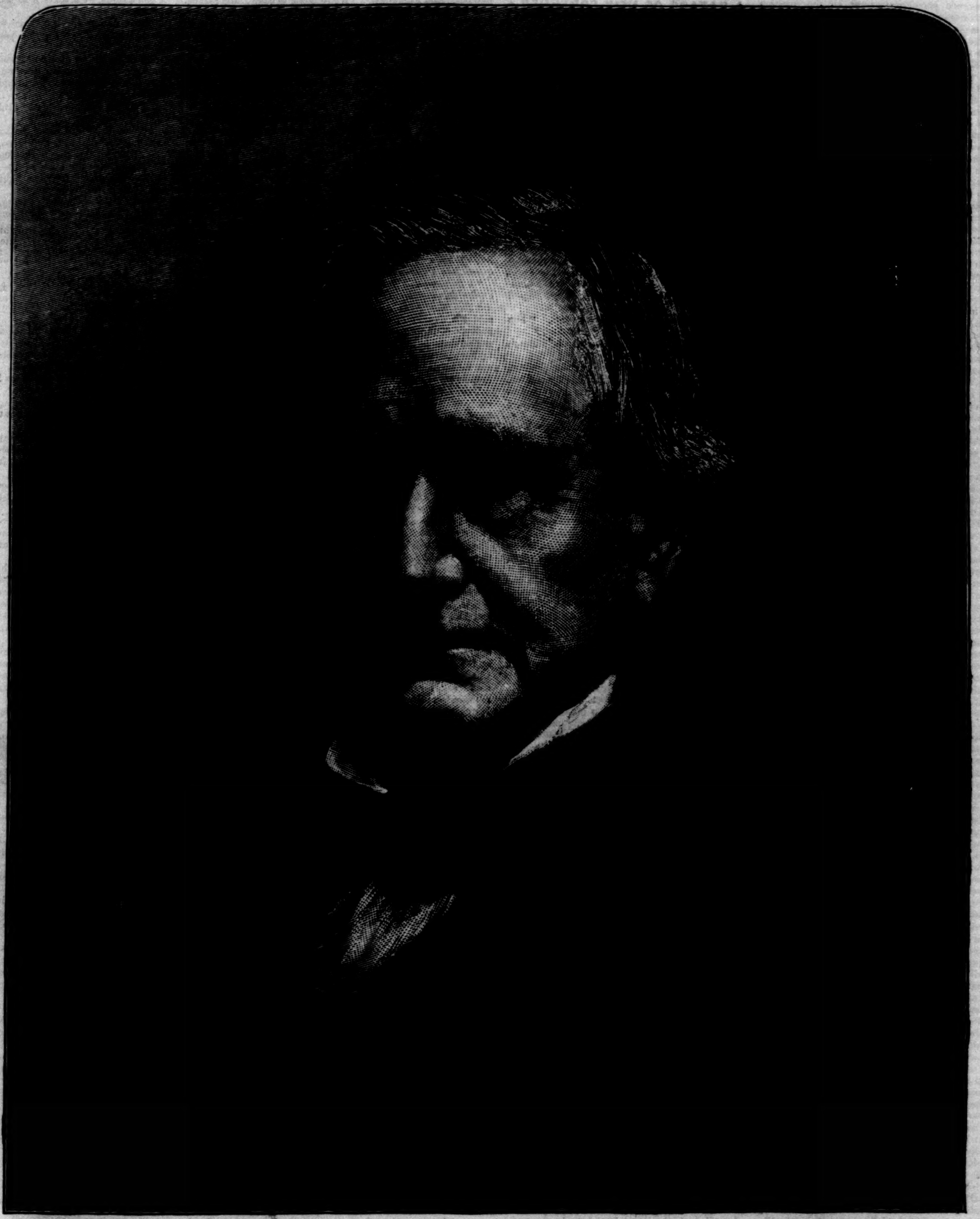
Mr. Phelps has not yet quite completed his fiftieth year, having been born in the city of New York August 24, 1839. William Phelps, brother of the private secretary of Oliver Cromwell, and one of the earliest English settlers of Connecticut, was his paternal ancestor, while his father, John J. Phelps, was a prominent merchant of New York, and the first President of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad. The present Minister graduated with honor at Yale in 1860, then took the course at Columbia College Law School, gaining the valedictory address in 1863. He at once entered on the practice of his profession, became counsel for some prominent corporations, declined a judgeship offered to him by Governor Fenton, and then, in 1869, on the death of his father, devoted himself to the management of the very large estate which he inherited. This included an extensive tract of real estate near Hackensack, in New Jersey, and in 1872 he was elected to Congress by a very large majority as a Republican from the Fifth District of that State. He soon became prominent in debate, and was a member, with Messrs. Foster and Potter, of the New Orleans Investigating Commission. He was beaten by seven votes in 1874 for re-election to Congress, but in 1880 and 1884 was a delegate at large from New Jersey to the Republican Presidential Convention, and was an earnest supporter of Mr. Blaine. In Blaine's first term as Secretary of State, 1881, he was sent as Minister to Austria, but resigned after President Garfield's death, and then was elected and re-elected to Congress in 1882, 1884, and 1886.

Of Mr. Phelps's confirmation by the Senate next winter there can be no doubt, and his experience as one of the successful negotiators of the Samoan agreement will make his return to Berlin in his new office particularly easy and agreeable.

PROFESSOR E. B. ANDREWS, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HORTON BROTHERS, PROVIDENCE.



HON. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.



THE LATE SIMON CAMERON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Photograph.

SIMON CAMERON.

Simon Cameron, who has held so large a place in public affairs, had a very extended and remarkable political career. Probably no modern nation is as fond of oratory as are the Americans. They worship the political orator as the greatest of men. The man of statesman-like ideas is always respected, but it has been very rare for him long to retain anything like popularity. The clever millionaire, or he who can command millionaires, has now and then been able to coin a sufficient amount of popularity to fill a large measure of what the world calls success. There have been very few great politicians who have laid claim neither to oratory nor statesmanship nor wealth as a basis of their success; but such a one was Simon Cameron. He was a man of great native talent, a practical politician of the ablest and best type, but not a statesman in the general meaning of the word. Few men not in the highest offices have ever or so long exerted such a powerful influence over national politics, and for more than a generation he was known as the "Czar of Pennsylvania politics." The source of his great strength was his knowledge of human nature, and his consequent ability to manipulate men through their personal interests and idiosyncrasies, as well as by his own magnetism. He was as different from the demagogue and the man of vulgar riches as he was from the orator.

Although born at the end of the eighteenth century, it was his fortune to live well on into the nineteenth. Being of the plucky Scotch stock that yields to no obstacles, becoming an orphan at an early age in no way discouraged the lad. In those days newspapers, although very poor, were almost the only popular source of information. Therefore his desire for knowledge soon took him to a printing-office, and the need of earning a livelihood led him to apprentice himself. At the age of eighteen the youth's mind was so stocked with ideas of adventure that he resolved to try to make his fortune in South America; but the adventurer rapidly became prudent, and concluded to halt at Harrisburg, where he finally became part owner of the regular organ of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania.

Editor Cameron soon became influential in politics, and as a result, Governor Shultz appointed him Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania. Owing to his American "push" and Scotch thrift, by 1832 he had saved enough money to enable him to take a conspicuous part in the business of banking and the construction of railroads, then very profitable in Pennsylvania. For the succeeding thirteen years he was a man of business, only retaining an active interest in politics as an observer. During these years his wealth increased enormously, for the banking business has never been so profitable as it was at that time, when a bank with $100,000 capital could command the profits of seven or eight times that amount. In his old age he is reported to have said that if he had not gone into politics he might have become the richest man in Pennsylvania.

As far back as 1823 he had made his paper noticeable on account of its vigorous advocacy of the tariff. In 1845 Buchanan resigned his seat in the Senate. The Democrats had a majority in the State Legislature, and the free-trade element of the party carried the party caucus in favor of selecting a Senator of their own economical faith. But those Democrats who were largely engaged in manufacturing, thinking pockets of more importance than party, joined with the Whigs and elected Simon Cameron to the United States Senate. But how did it happen that

Cameron's popularity, except on the question of free-trade, was so great with both parties so many years after he had ceased to be an editor and to try to influence public affairs? The secret is told in a short account of a drive which John W. Forney had with him in 1838: "It was very pleasant to notice.... how at intervals he would stop the carriage, hail the passer-by, ask about his health, joke him on politics, inquire after his wife, sons, and daughters by name, and enter into a familiar speculation as to the coming crops." Mr. Cameron being of a decidedly sociable disposition and prepossessing in his manners, it was his habit to become acquainted with every member of the State Legislature, and to entertain and assist, regardless of party, all who felt disposed to give him an opportunity. Although by nature a man of positive opinions and quick temper, he was, like Seward, of too fine grain to ever show a particle of malice, even toward those who had wronged him. It is only rarely that such men do not receive a generous reward.

In the Senate Cameron at once became the special guardian of Pennsylvania's interests in protection, regardless of Democratic ideas elsewhere. During his many years there, petitions for higher or special protection were almost as sure to be championed by him as were those in regard to slavery to be introduced in the House by John Quincy Adams. During the period when he was Senator for the first time he was a stanch Democrat except in regard to this single question. At that time a Democratic protectionist was rather more of an anomaly than he is to-day. On one occasion, during the tariff debate of the summer of 1846, after Senator Cameron had presented numerous petitions from several counties in Pennsylvania, whose welfare was said to be in danger, Sevier, of Arkansas, playfully complained: "On the meeting of the Senate, every day, first we have prayers by the chaplain, then the reading of the journal, and next an hour and a half is consumed in the recital of a sort of funereal dirge from the pensioners of Pennsylvania." In 1860, on presenting a petition asking for an increase in the tariff, Senator Cameron remarked: "To Pennsylvania this is the great question. It is that in which all her interests, as her people believe, are centred. It is our 'nigger.'"

On the question of slavery, Mr. Cameron stood with the Northern Democrats until the ideas of Douglas became prevalent among them; then he broke loose, and ultimately joined his forces with those of the other discontented leaders who organized the Republican party. From 1857, when Cameron was again chosen Senator, to the time of the meeting of the National Republican Convention in 1860, his fame greatly increased. He received 50½ votes for the Presidential nomination, and would have been nominated for the Vice-Presidency but for a division in the Pennsylvania delegation.

Finance being Pennsylvania's specialty, she very logically requested the portfolio of the Treasury for her leading politician. But Lincoln thought of the whole country, and could only give her the War Department. Mr. Cameron's past had in no way given him special training for this department; nevertheless, when, after he had been in office but a few weeks, the gigantic machinery of war had to be created and set in motion, he showed great energy and much skill. During the summer of 1861 he took a very conservative position toward the question of slavery: the war had no direct connection with slavery; it was for the Constitution, and slaves were to be treated like other property. However, a few weeks later, he was one of the first to appreciate the logic of events, and began to advocate the arming of slaves. Colonel Cochrane sounded the key-note, and Secretary Cameron plainly put to Congress the question: "What shall be done with them? Can we afford to send them forward to their masters, to be by them armed against us, or used in producing supplies to sustain the rebellion?"

Probably there never was an administration whose cabinet officers were so constantly plotted against as were those of Lincoln. From these attacks Secretary Cameron suffered most severely. The great haste with which the commissariat had to be supplied led to a number of large contracts with speculators at a great disadvantage to the government. The enemies of the Secretary wrongly laid this at his door. Those who believed in fighting secession in gloves and without lead venomously assailed his war policy. Finally, in January, 1862, owing to a combination of unfavorable circumstances rather than to any one reason, Simon Cameron withdrew from the cabinet, and was at once appointed Minister at St. Petersburg. As the main object of his accepting the Russian mission was to make the misfortune of his having to retire from the War Department less noticeable, he resigned before the end of the year.

Mr. Cameron was elected to the Senate in 1866, and again in 1873, that being the fourth time. He was a power in the committee-room, but was generally silent or very brief on the floor of the Senate. The great power which he wielded over State and national politics for several decades was supported by his exceptional favor among Pennsylvanians, and his quick perception of and ability to use the peculiarities of different men in high office. He was one of those unusual politicians who are habitually silent, but yet know just when speech is necessary. Among those who are less well informed such a man is generally accounted a philosopher. Grant regarded him as a statesman of the highest order, and when Sumner was so brutally removed from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Cameron was put in his place.

After retiring from active political life, Mr. Cameron continued for many years to have much influence in Pennsylvania politics, and most of the followers of his younger years never ceased to have an ardent admiration for him.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

XIV.

The more March thought of the injustice of the New York press (which had not, however, attacked the literary quality of the number) the more bitterly he resented it; and his wife's indignation superheated his own. *Every Other Week* had become a very personal affair with the whole family; the children shared their parents' disgust; Bella was outspoken in her denunciations of a venal press. Mrs. March saw nothing but ruin ahead, and began tacitly to plan a retreat to Boston and an establishment retrenched to the basis of two thousand a year. She shed some secret tears in anticipation of the privations which this must involve; but when Fulkerson came to see March rather late the night of the publication day, she nobly told him that if the worst came to the worst she could only have the kindliest feeling toward him, and should not regard him as in the slightest degree responsible.

"Oh, hold on, hold on!" he protested. "You don't think we've made a failure, do you?"

"Why, of course," she faltered, while March remained gloomily silent.

"Well, I guess we'll wait for the official count, first. Even New York hasn't gone against us, and I guess there's a majority coming down to Harlem River that could sweep everything before it, anyway."

"What do you mean, Fulkerson?" March demanded sternly.

"Oh, nothing! Merely that News Company has *ordered* ten thousand now; and you know we had to give them the first twenty on commission."

"What *do* you mean?" March repeated; his wife held her breath.

"I mean that the first number is a booming success already, and that it's going to a hundred thousand before it stops. That unanimity and variety of censure in the morning papers, combined with the attractiveness of the thing itself, has cleared every stand in the city, and now if the favor of the country press doesn't turn the tide against us, our fortune's made." The Marches remained dumb. "Why, look here! Didn't I tell you those criticisms would be the making of us, when they first began to turn you blue this morning, March?"

"He came home to lunch perfectly sick," said Mrs. March; "and I wouldn't let him go back again."

"Didn't I *tell* you so?" Fulkerson persisted.

March could not remember that he had, or that he had been anything but incoherently and hysterically jocose over the papers, but he said, "Yes, yes—I think so."

"I knew it from the start," said Fulkerson. "The only other person who took those criticisms in the right spirit was Mother Dryfoos—I've just been bolstering up the Dryfoos family. She had them read to her by Mrs. Mandel, and she understood them to be all the most flattering prophecies of success. Well, I didn't read between the lines to that extent, quite; but I saw that they were going to help us, if there was anything in us, more than anything that could have been done. And there was something in us! I tell you, March, that seven-shooting self-cocking donkey of a Beaton has given us the greatest start! He's caught on like a mice. He's made the thing awfully *chic;* it's jimmy; there's lots of dog about it. He's managed that process so that the illustrations look as expensive as first-class wood-cuts, and they're cheaper than chromos. He's put style into the whole thing."

"Oh, yes," said March, with eager meekness, "it's Beaton that's done it."

Fulkerson read jealousy of Beaton in Mrs. March's face. "Beaton has given us the start because his work appeals to the eye. There's no denying that the pictures have sold this first number; but I expect the literature of this first number to sell the pictures of the second. I've been reading it all over, nearly, since I found how the cat was jumping; I was anxious about it, and I tell you, old man, it's *good*. Yes, sir! I was afraid maybe you had got it *too* good, with that Boston refinement of yours; but I reckon you haven't. I'll risk it. I don't see how you got so much variety into so few things, and all of them palpitant, all of 'em on the keen jump with actuality."

The mixture of American slang with the jargon of European criticism in Fulkerson's talk made March smile, but his wife did not seem to notice it in her exultation. "That is just what I say," she broke in. "It's perfectly wonderful. I never was anxious about it a moment, except, as you say, Mr. Fulkerson, I was afraid it might be too good."

They went on in an antiphony of praise till March said, "Really, I don't see what's left me but to strike for higher wages. I perceive that I'm indispensable."

"Why, old man, you're coming in on the divvy, you know," said Fulkerson.

They both laughed, and when Fulkerson was gone, Mrs. March asked her husband what the divvy was.

"It's a chicken before it's hatched."

"No! Truly?"

He explained, and she began to spend the divvy.

At Mrs. Leighton's Fulkerson gave Alma all the honor of the success; he told her mother that the girl's design for the cover had sold every number, and Mrs. Leighton believed him.

"Well, Ah think *Ah* maght have *some* of the glory," Miss Woodburn pouted. "Where am *Ah* comin' in?"

"You're coming in on the cover of the next number," said Fulkerson. "We're going to have your face there; Miss Leighton's going to sketch it in." He said this reckless of the fact that he had already shown them the design of the second number, which was Beaton's weird bit of gas-country landscape.

"Ah don't see why *you* don't wrahte the fiction for your magazine, Mr. Fulkerson," said the girl.

This served to remind Fulkerson of something. He turned to her father. "I'll tell you what, Colonel Woodburn, I want Mr. March to see some chapters of that book of yours. I've been talking to him about it."

"I do not think it would add to the popularity of your periodical, sir," said the Colonel, with a stately pleasure in being asked. "My views of a civilization based upon responsible slavery would hardly be acceptable to your commercialized society."

"Well, not as a practical thing, of course," Fulkerson admitted. "But as something retrospective, speculative, I believe it would make a hit. There's so much going on now about social questions; I guess people would like to read it."

"I do not know that my work is intended to amuse people," said the Colonel, with some state.

"Mah goodness! Ah only wish it *was*, then," said his daughter; and she added: "Yes, Mr. Fulkerson, the Colonel will be very glad to submit po'tions of his woak to yo' edito'. We want to have some of the honaw. Perhaps we can say we helped to stop yo' magazine, if we didn't help to stawt it."

They all laughed at her boldness, and Fulkerson said, "It'll take a good deal more than that to stop *Every Other Week*. The Colonel's whole book couldn't do it." Then he looked unhappy, for Colonel Woodburn did not seem to enjoy his reassuring words; but Miss Woodburn came to his rescue. "You maght illustrate it with the po'trait of the awthor's daughtaw, if it's too late for the covah."

"Going to have *that* in every number, Miss Woodburn," he cried.

"Oh, mah goodness!" she said, with mock humility.

Alma sat looking at her piquant head, black, unconsciously outlined against the lamp, as she sat working by the table. "Just keep still a moment!"

She got her sketch-block and pencils, and began to draw; Fulkerson tilted himself forward and looked over her shoulder; he smiled outwardly; inwardly he was divided between admiration of Miss Woodburn's arch beauty and appreciation of the skill which reproduced it; at the same time he was trying to remember whether March had authorized him to go so far as to ask for a sight of Colonel Woodburn's manuscript. He felt that he had trenched upon March's province, and he framed one apology to him for bringing the editor the manuscript, and another to the author for bringing it back.

"Most Ah hold raght still like it was a photograph?" asked Miss Woodburn. "Can Ah toak?"

"Talk all you want," said Alma, squinting her eyes. "And you needn't be either adamantine, nor yet—wooden."

"Oh, ho' very good of you! Well, if Ah can toak—go on, Mr. Fulkerson!"

"Me talk? I can't breathe till this thing is done!" sighed Fulkerson; at that point of his mental drama the Colonel was behaving rustily about the return of his manuscript, and he felt that he was looking his last on Miss Woodburn's profile.

"Is she getting it raght?" asked the girl.

"I don't know which is which," said Fulkerson.

"Oh, Ah hope *Ah* shall! I don't want to go round feelin' like a sheet of papah half the time."

"You could rattle on, just the same," suggested Alma.

"Oh, now! Jost listen to that, Mr. Fulkerson. Do you call that any way to toak to people?"

"You might know which you were by the color," Fulkerson began, and then he broke off from the personal consideration with a business inspiration, and smacked himself on the knee: "We could *print* it in color!"

Mrs. Leighton gathered up her sewing and held it with both hands in her lap, while she came round, and looked critically at the sketch and the model over her glasses. "It's very good, Alma," she said.

Colonel Woodburn remained restively on his side of the table. "Of course, Mr. Fulkerson, you were jesting, sir, when you spoke of printing a sketch of my daughter."

"Why, I don't know— If you object—"

"I do, sir—decidedly," said the Colonel.

"Then that settles it, of course," said Fulkerson. "I only meant—"

"Indeed it doesn't!" cried the girl. "Who's to know who it's from? Ah'm jost set on havin' it printed! Ah'm going to appear as the head of Slavery—in opposition to the head of Liberty."

"There'll be a revolution inside of forty-eight hours, and we'll have the Colonel's system going wherever a copy of *Every Other Week* circulates," said Fulkerson.

"This sketch belongs to me," Alma interposed. "I'm not going to let it be printed."

"Oh, mah goodness!" said Miss Woodburn, laughing good-humoredly. "That's becose you were brought up to hate slavery."

"I should like Mr. Beaton to see it," said Mrs. Leighton, in a sort of absent tone. She added, to Fulkerson: "I rather expected he might be in, to-night."

"Well, if he comes, we'll leave it to Beaton," Fulkerson said, with relief in the solution, and an anxious glance at the Colonel, across the table, to see how he took that form of the joke. Miss Woodburn intercepted his glance and laughed, and Fulkerson laughed too, but rather forlornly.

Alma set her lips primly and turned her head first on one side and then on the other to look at the sketch. "I don't think we'll leave it to Mr. Beaton, even if he comes."

"We left the other design for the cover to Beaton," Fulkerson insinuated. "I guess you needn't be afraid of him."

"Is it a question of my being afraid?" Alma asked; she seemed coolly intent on her drawing.

"Miss Leighton thinks he ought to be afraid of her," Miss Woodburn explained.

"It's a question of *his* courage, then?" said Alma.

"Well, I don't think there are many young ladies that Beaton's afraid of," said Fulkerson, giving himself the respite of this purely random remark, while he interrogated the faces of Mrs. Leighton and Colonel Woodburn for some light upon the tendency of their daughters' words.

He was not helped by Mrs. Leighton's saying, with a certain anxiety, "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Fulkerson."

"Well, you're as much in the dark as I am myself, then," said Fulkerson. "I suppose I meant that Beaton is rather—a—favorite, you know. The women like him."

Mrs. Leighton sighed, and Colonel Woodburn rose and left the room.

XV.

In the silence that followed, Fulkerson looked from one lady to the other with dismay. "I seem to have put my foot in it, somehow," he suggested, and Miss Woodburn gave a cry of laughter.

"Poo' Mr. Fulkerson! *Poo'* Mr. Fulkerson! Papa thoat you wanted him to go."

"Wanted him to go?" repeated Fulkerson.

"We always mention Mr. Beaton when we want to get rid of papa."

"Well, it seems to me that I *have* noticed that he didn't take much interest in Beaton, as a general topic. But I don't know that I ever saw it drive him out of the room before."

"Well, he isn't always so bad," said Miss Woodburn. "But it was a case of hate at first sight, and it seems to be growin' on papa."

"Well, I can understand that," said Fulkerson. "The impulse to destroy Beaton is something that everybody has to struggle against, at the start."

"I must say, Mr. Fulkerson," said Mrs. Leighton in the tremor through which she nerved herself to differ openly with any one she liked, "I never had to struggle with anything of the kind, in regard to Mr. Beaton. He has always been most respectful and—and considerate, with *me*, whatever he has been with others."

"Well, of course, Mrs. Leighton!" Fulkerson came back in a soothing tone. "But you see you're the rule that proves the exception. I was speaking of the way *men* felt about Beaton. It's different with ladies; I just said so."

"Is it always different?" Alma asked, lifting her head and her hand from her drawing, and staring at it absently.

Fulkerson pushed his hands both through his whiskers. "Look here! Look here!" he said. "Won't somebody start some other subject? We haven't had the weather up, yet, have we? Or the opera? What is the matter with a few remarks about politics?"

"Why, I thoat you lahked to toak about the staff of yo' magazine," said Miss Woodburn.

"Oh, I do!" said Fulkerson. "But not always about the same member of it. He gets monotonous, when he doesn't get complicated. I've just come round from the Marches'," he added, to Mrs. Leighton.

"I suppose they've got thoroughly settled in their apartment by this time." Mrs. Leighton said something like this whenever the Marches were mentioned. At the bottom of her heart she had not forgiven them for not taking her rooms; she had liked their looks so much; and she was always hoping that they were uncomfortable or dissatisfied; she could not help wanting them punished a little.

"Well, yes; as much as they ever will be," Fulkerson answered. "The Boston style is pretty different, you know; and the Marches are old-fashioned folks, and I reckon they never went in much for bric-à-brac. They've put away nine or ten barrels of dragon candlesticks, but they keep finding new ones."

"Their landlady has just joined our class," said Alma. "Isn't her name Green? She happened to see my copy of *Every Other Week*, and said she knew the editor; and told me."

"Well, it's a little world," said Fulkerson. "You seem to be touching elbows with everybody. Just think of your having had our head translator for a model."

"Ah think that your whole publication revolves around the Leighton family," said Miss Woodburn.

"That's pretty much so," Fulkerson admitted. "Anyhow, the publisher seems disposed to do so."

"Are you the publisher? I thought it was Mr. Dryfoos," said Alma.

"It is."

"Oh!"

The tone and the word gave Fulkerson a discomfort which he promptly confessed. "Missed again."

The girls laughed, and he regained something of his lost spirits, and smiled upon their gayety, which lasted beyond any apparent reason for it.

Miss Woodburn asked, "And is Mr. Dryfoos senio' anything like *ouah* Mr. Dryfoos?"

"Not the least."

"But he's jost as exemplary?"

"Yes; in his way."

"Well, Ah wish Ah could see all those pinks of puffection togethah, once."

"Why, look here! I've been thinking I'd celebrate a little, when the old gentleman gets back. Have a little supper—something of that kind. How would you like to let me have your parlors for it, Mrs. Leighton? You ladies could stand on the stairs, and have a peep at us, in the bunch,"

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

"Oh, mah! What a privilege! And will Miss Alma be there, with the othah contributors? Ah shall jost expah of envy!"

"She won't be there in person," said Fulkerson, "but she'll be represented by the head of the art department."

"Mah goodness! And who'll the head of the publishing department represent?"

"He can represent you," said Alma.

"Well, Ah want to be represented, someho'."

"We'll have the banquet the night before you appear on the cover of our fourth number," said Fulkerson.

"Ah thoat that was doubly fo'bidden," said Miss Woodburn. "By the stern parent and the envious awtust."

"We'll get Beaton to get round them, somehow. I guess we can trust him to manage that."

Mrs. Leighton sighed her resentment of the implication.

"I always feel that Mr. Beaton doesn't do himself justice," she began.

Fulkerson could not forego the chance of a joke. "Well, maybe he would rather temper justice with mercy in a case like his." This made both the younger ladies laugh. "I judge this is my chance to get off with my life," he added, and he rose as he spoke. "Mrs. Leighton, I am about the only man of my sex who doesn't thirst for Beaton's blood most of the time. But I know him, and I don't. He's more kinds of a good fellow than people generally understand. He don't wear his heart upon his sleeve—his ulster sleeve, anyway. You can always count me on your side when it's a question of finding Beaton not guilty if he'll leave the State."

Alma set her drawing against the wall, in rising to say good-night to Fulkerson. He bent over on his stick to look at it. "Well, it's beautiful," he sighed, with unconscious sincerity.

Alma made him a courtesy of mock modesty. "Thanks to Miss Woodburn."

"Oh, no! All she had to do was simply to stay put."

"Don't you think Ah might have improved it if Ah had looked better?" the girl asked, gravely.

"Oh, you *couldn't!*" said Fulkerson, and he went off triumphant in their applause and their cries of "Which? which?"

Mrs. Leighton sank deep into an accusing gloom when at last she found herself alone with her daughter. "I don't know what you are thinking about, Alma Leighton. If you don't like Mr. Beaton—"

"I don't."

"You don't? You know better than that. You know that you did care for him."

"Oh! That's a very different thing. That's a thing that can be got over."

"Got over!" repeated Mrs. Leighton, aghast.

"Of course, it can! Don't be romantic, mamma. People get over dozens of such fancies. They even marry for love two or three times."

"Never!" cried her mother, doing her best to feel shocked, and at last looking it.

Her looking it had no effect upon Alma. "You can easily get over caring for people; but you can't get over liking them—if you like them because they are sweet and good. That's what lasts. I was a simple goose, and he imposed upon me because he was a sophisticated goose. Now the case is reversed."

"He *does* care for you, now. You can see it. Why do you encourage him to come here?"

"I don't," said Alma. "I will tell him to keep away if you like. But whether he comes or goes, it will be the same."

"Not to him, Alma! He is in love with you!"

"He has never said so."

"And you would really let him say so, when you intend to refuse him?"

"I can't very well refuse him till he *does* say so."

This was undeniable. Mrs. Leighton could only demand in an awful tone, "May I ask *why*—if you cared for him; and I know you care for him still—you will refuse him?"

Alma laughed. "Because—because I'm wedded to my Art, and I'm not going to commit bigamy, whatever I do."

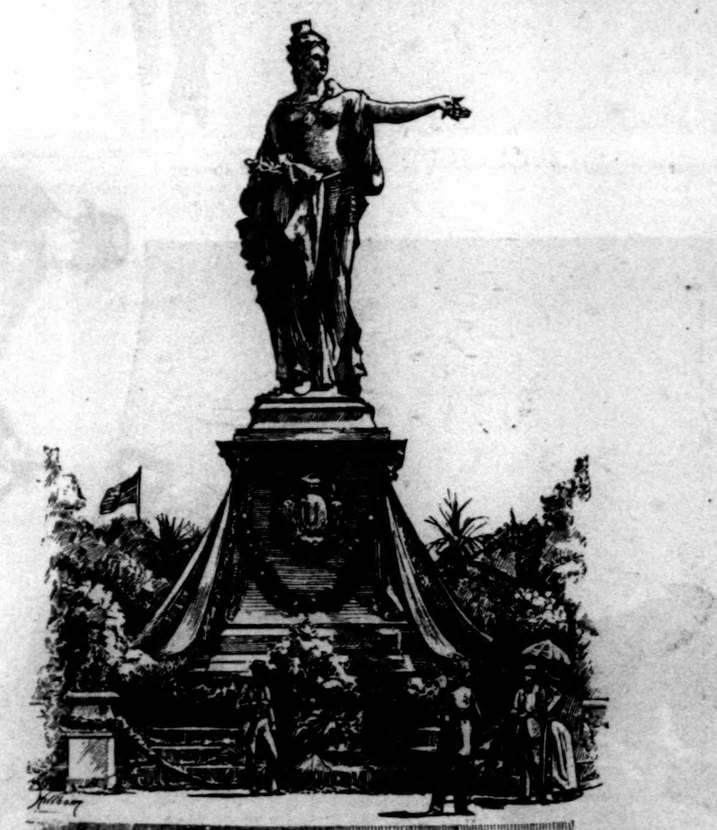
"Alma!"

"Well, then, because I don't *like* him—that is, I don't believe in him, and don't trust him. He's fascinating, but he's false and he's fickle. He can't help it, I dare say."

"And you are perfectly hard. Is it possible that you were actually pleased to have Mr. Fulkerson tease you about Mr. Dryfoos?"

"Oh, good-night, now, mamma! This is becoming personal."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE BEROLINA.

THE FESTIVE DECORATION OF A CITY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

When the King of Italy entered Berlin as the guest of his great ally the German Emperor, he was much pleased to note the way in which plastic art had contributed to make the occasion memorable. The city looked as though for weeks nothing had been done save to create festive decorations, and since the triumphal entry of the German troops after the late war with France, it would be hard to mention an event that has evoked a higher order of artistic decoration. The spirit which in New York reared the graceful arch at Washington Square here produced a colossal impersonation of the German capital, Berolina. She is proudly welcoming her guest from beyond the Alps, stretching toward him an open palm, from which fall olive leaves.

Much there is about this splendid monument that strikes the political critic. The beautiful features of the statue strangely resemble those of the Dowager Empress Victoria, daughter of the Queen of England. The monument glorifies, not Germany, but Berlin, and the glorious sense of beauty and power that animates the whole says plainly that Berlin has no reason to be ashamed of herself.

The story is told in the clubs that the Berlin City Fathers were indisposed to assist the Emperor in entertaining Umberto on this occasion, because they had recently received from his Majesty a sharp lecture in regard to the way the papers had spoken of him and the late Emperor Frederick. The Burgomaster ran away, concealed himself at some spa, and left orders that no one should trouble him on business. Thus it happened that, a week before Umberto was to arrive, Berlin had not voted one thaler toward making the streets look pretty. In this dilemma the Emperor was appealed to, for there is nothing in the Prussian Constitution that can force a civic corporation to look cheerfully against its will.

The Emperor, with the tact for which he is celebrated, took in the situation at a glance, and immediately telegraphed to the Burgomaster thanks for his co-operation on the festive occasion. This message was of course incomprehensible to the reverend senior, for he had left Berlin for the very purpose of making it impossible to give Umberto a civic reception. On receiving the imperial despatch, therefore, his first feeling was of amazement; his second, that the City Fathers must have made promises to his Majesty of which he had not been informed; his third, that he must post to Berlin and immediately straighten matters out. He calls on one official and then the other; each shrugs his shoulders and swears he knows nothing about the despatch. Meantime precious time is flying. There are three days left. The Emperor is evidently counting upon the city for a festive display. Some one has clearly given their imperial master a wrong impression, and if the city is to do anything, it must be worthy of its reputation.

All at once then all is bustle. In three days Berlin is waving with bunting, and in that short time is reared the beautiful Berolina, the work of Hundrieser, that rises proudly to the occasion in spite of the short time allowed for preparation.

The American flag over our consulate seems to wave in sympathy with her olive twigs, and to suggest a Teutonic Goddess of Liberty offering the blessings of peace to this generation of soldiers. The U at the base of the monument might be easily crossed with an S, in order to make our flag feel still more at home, permission for which, however, might be difficult to obtain from the bearded policeman who is standing close by.

This monument will soon be taken down from its present proud position, and cast into metal to adorn—a beer-garden.

THE VENUS OF VIENNE.

Can there be a rival of the Venus of Milo? When in 1877 the Hermes was uplifted from his bed of clay, and the soft moss scraped from his cheeks, there stood erect a work believed to be of Praxiteles. It was not a supreme deity, but a subordinate god. You can see that, for the head of Hermes shows nothing of that great will power which stamped the god. But for grace, elegance, the idealization of the human form, though the Hermes be legless from the knees downward, one foot alone remaining, the subtle, penetrating secret of Greek art is there. Apart entirely from the character of the figures, comparing art with art, did the Venus of Milo lose after the discovery of the Hermes a tittle of her greatness? She still reigns as imperially as would the mistress over her servant, for she might in her mythological sovereignty have bidden Hermes carry her messages to earth. There she stands in the gallery of the Louvre as magnificently impressive as ever.

Is there, however, a rival to her? It seems to be as one of the limitations, narrowing down human judgment, that any one great work should be pitted against another. Do we appreciate Beethoven better, when making a parallelism between him and Mozart? The illustration gives an accurate idea of another famous statue, known as the Venus of Vienne. It has been taken from the cast made under the direction of the officials of the Louvre, and recently brought to the United States. The original is placed in the one position in the world where it could stand and suffer no disparagement; that is, in the same *salle* in the Louvre where towers the Venus of Milo. There is no Greek statue of a woman existing to-day, save this Venus of Vienne, that could bear such juxtaposition. Each statue holds her place; neither suffers by comparison. There are some critics who carry refinement of art so far, however, as to declare, after careful study, that there is a naturalness about the Venus of Vienne, a want of formality, which makes her the greater of the two statues. If the pose of the Venus of Milo be imperious—for she stands as if to command—the position of the Venus of Vienne differs. She belongs to that class of Venuses known as the *accroupi*, and that as a set name is an unfortunate one, because the major part of the *accroupi* are more or less meretricious.

The history of this Venus is as follows. She was found about half a century ago in a faubourg of Vienne, on the right bank of the Rhone, in France. For some years, covered with a thick crust of oxide of iron, arising from the ferruginous character of the soil in which she had slept so long, she was unsightly, and had been stowed away in a lumber-room as of little worth. Two men possessing the keenest insight into art, Stendahl and Merimée, got, however, a glimpse of her, and by intuition knew that, ignoble as she seemed, there was concealed greatness. In 1843, Prosper Merimée, in his *Lettres d'une Inconnue*, writes: "I saw at Vienne, some days ago, an antique statue which upset all my ideas about Roman statuary. I had heretofore believed in the fine idea of what is conventional intervening in the imitation of nature." Little by little the existence of some marvel of art to be found at Vienne was bruited about. It is by no means uncommon to disinter statues in France or Italy belonging to Roman periods. In one hundred statues thus found the chances are that ninety-nine of them have only an archæological and no artistic worth. Age only can impart to them a certain amount of curiosity. All old things are not necessarily good. The very fact that the statues found belonging to the Roman times were copies, deprived them of merit, for there always must be a wide difference between an original and the imitation of it.

If the story of this Venus is to be credited, Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, was the first who was struck with the money value of this statue, and wanted to buy it. In 1877 it was exhibited at the Lyons Exhibition. There its transcendental greatness was made clearer, and soon after it became the property of the French government. In 1878 the statue was placed in the Louvre, and it devolved on M. Félix Ravisson to describe it. It required the services of the experts at the Louvre to remove the last remnants of the crust which masked the beauty of the flesh. Soft pieces of wood were used, and little by little appeared all the soft and pliant contours of this exquisite form. It was a statue carved from the purest Parian marble, and finished to the utmost perfection man's brains and hands can impart to stone. Was it Roman or Greek art? Was it a copy of some original of the best time of Alexander or of the first of the Cæsars? Might this Venus be classed as of the school of Praxiteles, or of Lysippus? It is by no means easy to decide at once between what is true Greek and the best Roman art, especially when statuary is found in Roman soil or in a Roman colony. As Rome was mistress of the world, why might she not have bought the choicest of Greek works of the past and carried them to the imperial city? Is the authenticity of great works of the old masters to be doubted or their source of origin to be questioned because in centuries yet to come they will be found in Paris, London, Berlin, or New York? As a recent writer has put it, Greece could never have supplied artists enough to make the almost incredible number of statues existing in Rome. What a legion of sculptors must have plied the chisel in order to supply Scaurus with the 3000 statues required by him for the embellishment of his theatre! If, then, as Merimée and M. Ravisson believes, this Venus is Roman work, the sculptor who worked in Italy might or might not have been a Greek. If he were Roman born, he was an artist supreme in his calling. When comparisons are made between sculptors' art, and the figures are of men, then the bold freedom of the Greek is at once evident. We see not so much the strong muscular development cut out as clearly indicated. It was the decision of the Greek touch which stamped his work and made it legible.

Rome bowed to Greece as to art, just as the rest of the world does now to France. Returning, then, to this Venus of Vienne, if she be Roman, or even a copy of an original Greek statue made in Italy and carried to France, her great beauty is not thereby in the least diminished. All it shows is that, if generally Roman art was a debased art, there were exceptions. Mr. Brander Matthews, in a late paper in Harper's Weekly, entitled "Notes on the Parisian Theatres," says that, reading many articles by dramatic critics, "he wondered whether or not they knew any more than he did." In the discussion of an equally difficult subject, rendered even more complex by the remoteness of time, sometimes the student in art finds it quite impossible to settle definitely what is Greek or Roman art within a range of at least two centuries. Upon the part of those who are authorities on such subjects there is the inclination to be unnecessarily dogmatic. What becomes evident is that Athens did not give alone all the masters of art to Greece.

The statue in the original has lost both feet from the ankles, and there have been added feet in plaster. Ineffectual search has been made for the head. It looks as if that poor head never is to be discovered. The arms are stretched to the left, and marvellously has the sculptor overcome the difficulties of the position. Again the question is raised, What did those arms seek? M. Ravisson surmises that from a certain rough spot left on the right leg a vase was placed just there. He thinks that this female figure is but one of a group. Who among sculptors of to-day dares make successfully more than two figures on the same pedestal? If, then, the one figure, or the Venus of Milo, is but part of a work as it originally existed, how superb, how self-reliant, was that art that gives us by accident fragments, as it were, and that these fragments are still so impressive!

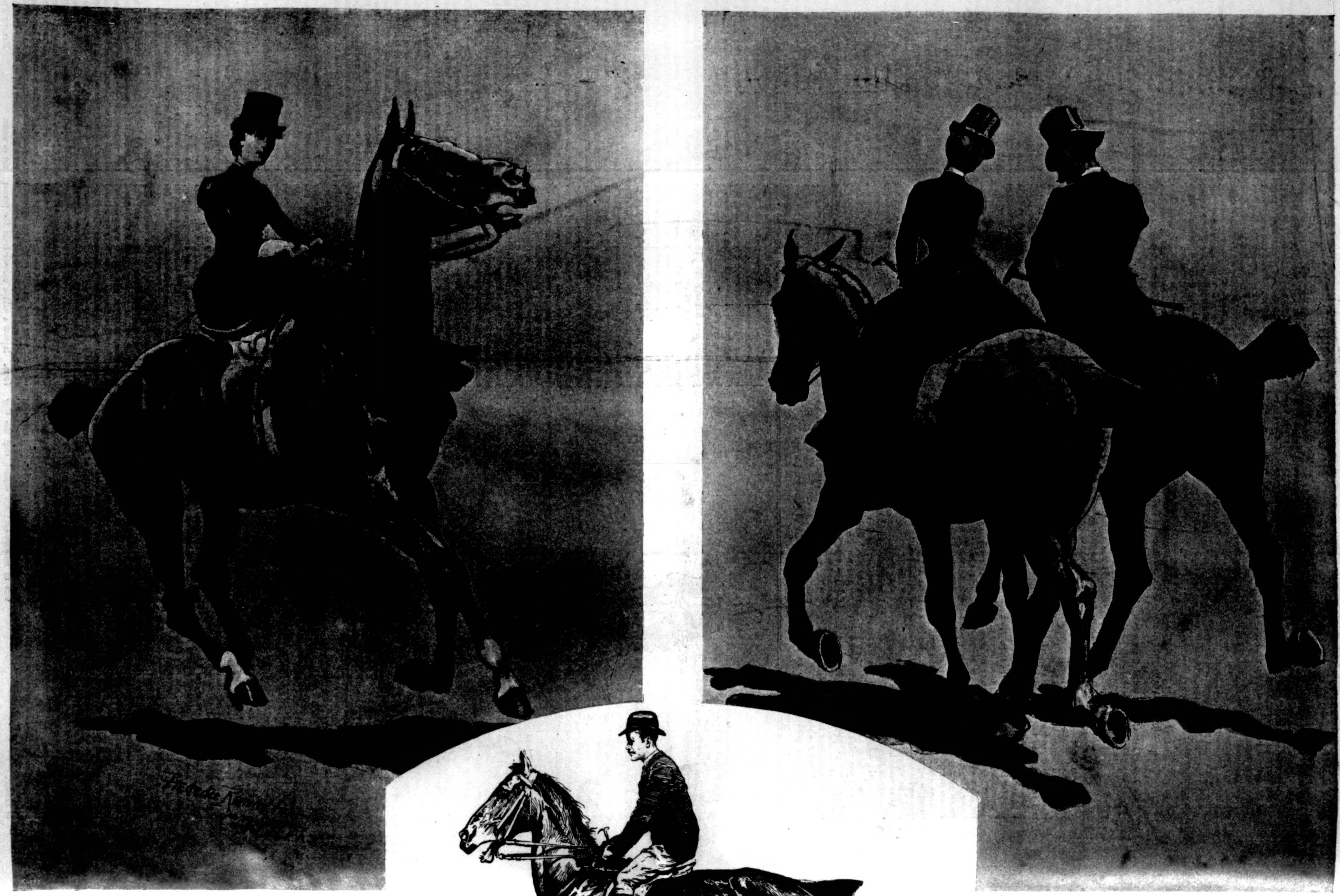
On the back of this figure is seen a part of a small hand, only the finger and the back of a little hand. The main figure being larger than life, this baby hand is about in the same proportion. It would then belong to a child to-day. Was it a Cupid? Was it a mortal child?

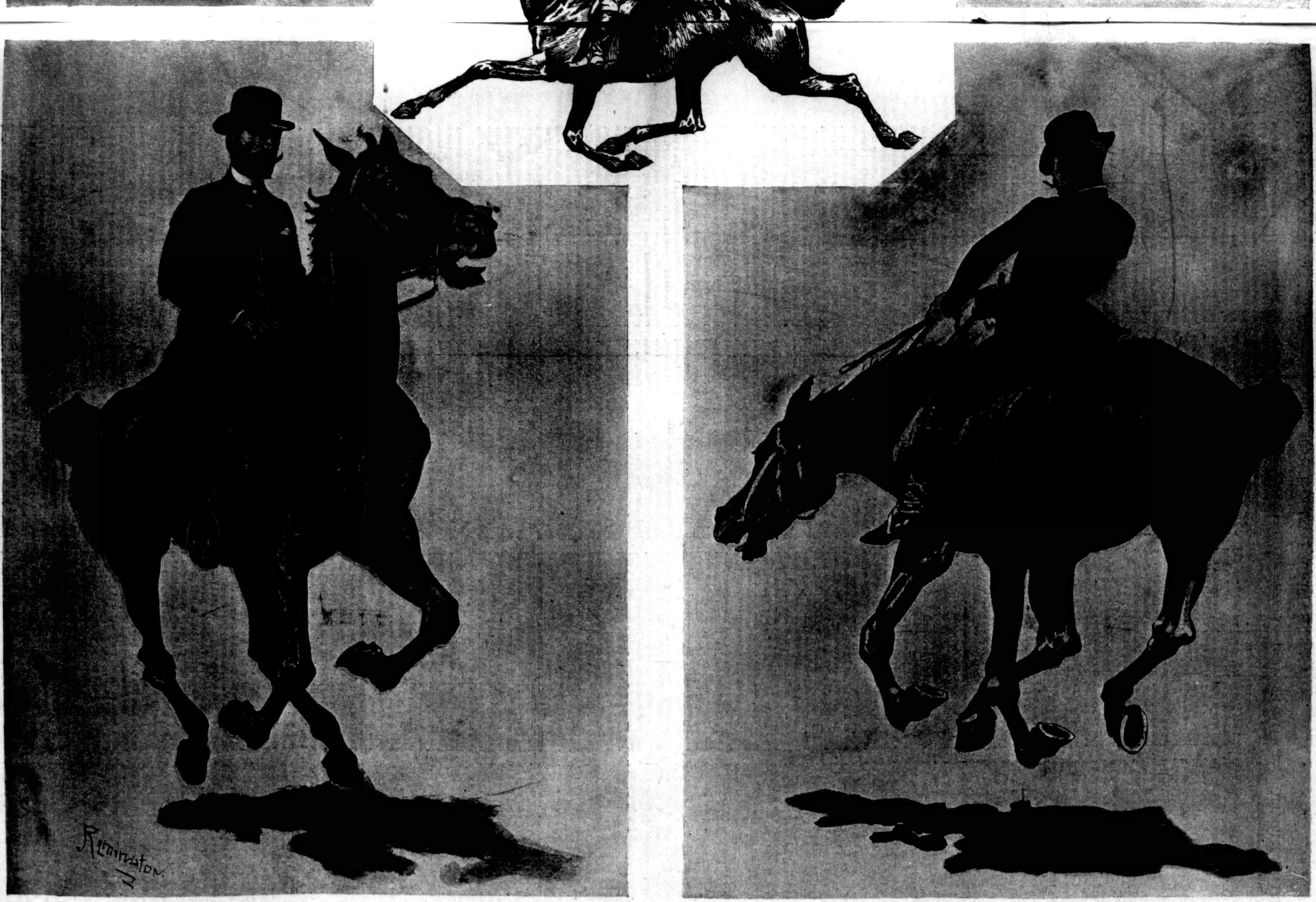
Certain furrows in the figure show indifference as to their concealment. The bending of the woman's body might induce this accentuation. The reasons for making these so pronounced have caused vexation of spirit on the part of those discussing the merits of the figure. M. Ravisson, explaining the position of the arm, which would be extended across the body, the arm now no longer existing, shows how it would have been close to the body, and thus concealed or shaded the lower part of the statue. This is the most natural of conclusions, and the right one. It would be as if to ignore, on the part of the critic, the admirable quality of the unknown artist, who followed in his modelling every rising, palpitating swell of that gracious body, and to have supposed him incapable of making his Parian marble plastic where or when he pleased.

A headless body, as is this statue, the grandeur of it is impressive. It is more womanly than the austere Venus of Milo. After all, the feeling which the artist has in looking at this cast is that of wonder, amazement, and something akin to depression. He racks his brain in order to find out what it was that gave this artist of the past such inspirations, and he wonders whether the time ever will come when such forms can be repeated. The model of to-day permits him to copy her, but he knows he is only imitative of the commonplace. The nobler inspirations, that balance before mentioned of the physical and spiritual, he is afraid have forever escaped the modern artist.

In the United States, since we cannot have the originals, it is not difficult to obtain casts. So that art students should become better acquainted with what will give them new ideas, and widen their acquaintance with the grander epochs of the past, this illustration is given. The hope is entertained that this Venus of Vienne will be added to our cast collections, for the most carefully prepared print, as is the one found in this issue of Harper's Weekly, gives at best but one view of a figure the beauty and imposing quality of which become manifest no matter how approached. Above all, no chaster statue ever was cut in stone.

Barnet Phillips.


Frederic Remington



ON THE BRIDLE PATH, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 547.]

OUR PIRATE HOARD.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

My great-great-great-uncle was one of the many sturdy, honest, high-spirited men to whom the early years of the last century gave birth. He was a brave man and a ready fighter, yet was he ever controlled in his actions by so nice a regard for the feelings of others, and through the strong fibre of his hardy nature ran a strain of such almost womanly gentleness and tenderness, that throughout the rather exceptionally wide circle of his acquaintance he was very generally beloved.

By profession he was a pirate, and although it is not becoming in me, perhaps, to speak boastingly of a blood-relation, I would be doing his memory injustice did I not add that he was one of the ablest and most successful pirates of his time. His usual cruising-ground was between the capes of the Chesapeake and the lower end of Long Island, yet now and then, as opportunity offered, he would take a run to the New England coast, and in winter he frequently would drop down to the s'uthard and do a good stroke of business off the Spanish Main. His home station, however, was the Delaware coast, and his family lived in Lewes, being quite the upper crust of Lewes society as it then was constituted. When his schooner, the *Martha Ann*, was off duty, she usually was harbored in Rehoboth Bay. That was a pretty good harbor for pirate schooners in those days.

My great-great-great-uncle threw himself into his profession in the hearty fashion that was to be expected from a man of his sincere, earnest character. He toiled early and late at sea, and on shore he regulated the affairs of his family so that his expenses should be well within his large though somewhat fluctuating income, and the result of his prudence in affairs was that he saved the greater portion of what he earned. The people of Lewes respected him greatly, and the boys of the town were bidden to emulate his steady business ways and habit of thrift. He was, too, a man of public spirit. At his own cost and charge he renewed the town pump; and he presented the church—he was a very regular church-goer when on shore—with a large bell of singularly sweet tone that had come into his possession after a casual encounter with a Cuban-bound galleon off the Bahama Banks.

And yet when at last my great-great-great-uncle, in the fulness of his years and virtues, was gathered to his fathers, and the sweet-toned Spanish bell tolled his requiem, everybody was very much surprised to find that of the fine fortune accumulated during his successful business career nothing worth speaking of could be found. The house that he owned in Lewes, the handsome furniture that it contained, and a sea-chest in which were some odds and ends of silver-ware (of a Spanish make), and some few pieces-of-eight and doubloons, constituted the whole of his visible wealth.

For my great-great-great-aunt, with a family of five sons and seven daughters (including three sets of twins) all under eleven years of age, the outlook was a sorry one. She was puzzled, too, to think what had gone with the great fortune that certainly had existed, and so was everybody else. The explanation that finally was adopted was that my great-great-great-uncle, in accordance with well-established pirate usage, had buried his treasure somewhere, and had taken the seat of its burial-place with him to another and a better world. Probability was given to this conjecture by the fact that he had died in something of a hurry. He had been brought ashore by his men after an unexpected (and by him uninvited) encounter with a King's ship off the capes of the Delaware. One of his legs was shot off, and his head was pretty well laid open by a desperate cutlass slash. He already was in a raging fever, and although the best medical advice in Lewes was procured, he died that very night. As he lay dying his talk was wild and incoherent; but at the very last, as my great-great-great-aunt well remembered, he suddenly grew calm, straightened himself in the bed, and said, with great earnestness, "Sheer up the plank midway—"

That was all. He did not live to finish the sentence. At the moment my great-great-great-aunt believed the words to be nothing more than a delirious use of a professional phrase, and this belief received color from the fact that a little before, in his feverish fancy, he had been capturing a Spanish galleon, and had got about to the part of the affair where the sheering up of a plank midway between the main and mizzen masts, for the accommodation of the Spaniards in leaving their vessel, would be appropriate. Thinking the matter over calmly afterward, and in the light of subsequent events, she came to the conclusion that he was trying to tell her how and where his treasure was hid. Acting upon this belief, she sheered up all the planks about the house that seemed at all promising. She even had the cellar dug up and the well dragged. But not a scrap of the treasure did she ever find.

And the worst part of it was that from that time onward our family had no luck at all. Excepting my elderly cousin, Gregory Wilkinson—who inherited a snug little fortune from his mother, and expanded it into a very considerable fortune by building up a large manufacture of carpet slippers for the export trade—the rule in my family has been a respectable poverty that has just bordered upon actual want. But all the generations since my great-great-great-uncle's time have been cheered, as poverty-stricken people naturally would be cheered, by the knowledge that the pirate hoard was in existence, and by the hope that some day it would be found, and would make them all enormously rich at a jump. From the moment when I first heard of the treasure, as a little boy, I believed in it thoroughly, and I also believed that I was the member of the family destined to discover it.

II.

I was glad to find, when I married Susan, that she believed in my destiny too. After talking the matter over quite seriously, we decided that the best thing for us to do was to go and live either in or near Lewes, so that my opportunities for investigation might be ample. I think, too, that Susan was pleased with the prospect of having a nice little house of our own, with a cow and peach-trees and chickens, where we could be very happy together. Moreover, she had notions about house-keeping, especially about house-keeping in the country, which she wanted to put into practice.

We found a confirmation of my destiny in the ease with which the preliminaries of my search were accomplished. The house that we wanted seemed to be there just waiting for us—a little bit of a house, well out in the country, with a couple of acres of land around it, the peach-trees really growing, and a shed that the man said would hold a cow nicely. What I think pleased Susan most of all was a swallow's nest under the eaves, with the mother swallow sitting upon a brood of dear little swallows, and the father swallow flying around chippering like anything.

"Just think of it!" said the dear child; "it is like living in a feudal castle, and having kestrels building their nests on the battlements."

I did not check her sweet enthusiasm by asking her to name some particular feudal castle with a frieze of kestrels' nests. I kissed her, and said that it was very like indeed.

Then we examined the cow-stable—we thought it better to call it a cow-stable than a shed—and I pulled out my foot-rule and measured it inside. It was a very little cow-stable, but, as Susan suggested, if we could not get a small grown-up cow to fit it, "we might begin with a young cow, and teach her, as she grew larger, to accommodate herself to her quarters by standing cat-a-cornered, like the man who used to carry oxen up a mountain." Susan's allusions are not always very clearly stated, though her meaning, no doubt, always is quite clear in her own mind. I may mention here that eventually we were so fortunate as to obtain a middle-sized cow that got along in the stable very well. We had a tidy colored girl who did the cooking and the rough part of the house-work, and who could milk like a steam-engine.

As soon as we got fairly settled in our little home I began to look for my great-great-great-uncle's buried treasure, but I cannot say that at first I made much progress. I could not even find a trace of my great-great-great-uncle's house in Lewes, and nobody seemed ever to have heard of him. One day, though, I was so fortunate as to encounter a very old man—known generally about Lewes as Old Jacob—who did remember "the old pirate," as he irreverently called him, and who showed me where his house had been. The house had burned down when he was a boy—seventy years back, he thought it was—and across where it once had stood a street had been opened. This put a stop to my search in that direction. As Susan very justly observed, I could not reasonably expect the Lewes people to let me dig up their streets like a gas-piper just on the chance of finding my family fortune.

I was not very much depressed by this turn of events, for I was pretty certain in my own mind that my great-great-great-uncle had not buried his treasure on his own premises. The basis of this belief was the difficulty—that must have been even greater in his time—of transporting such heavy substances as gold and silver across the sandy region between Lewes and where the *Martha Ann* used to lie at anchor in Rehoboth Bay. I reasoned that, the burial being but temporary, my relative would have been much more likely to have interred his valuables at some point on the land only a short distance from the *Martha Ann's* anchorage. When I mentioned this theory to Susan she seemed to be very much impressed by the common-sense of it, and as I have a great respect for Susan's judgment, her acquiescence in my views strengthened my own faith in them.

To pursue my search in the neighborhood of Rehoboth Bay it was necessary that I should have the assistance of some person thoroughly familiar with the coast thereabouts. After thinking the matter over I decided that I could not do better than take Old Jacob into my confidence. So I got the old man out to the Swallow's Nest—that was the name that Susan had given our country place: only by the time that she had settled upon it the little swallows had grown up and the whole swallow family had gone away—under pretence of seeing if the cow was all right (Old Jacob was a first-rate hand at cow doctoring), and while he was looking at the cow I told him all about the buried treasure, and how I wanted him to help me find it. When I put it in his head this way he remembered perfectly the story that used to be told about the old pirate's mysteriously lost fortune, and he entered with a good deal of spirit into my project of getting it again. Of course I told him that if we did find it he should have a good slice of it for helping me. I told Susan that I had made this promise, and she said that I had done exactly right. So, after we had given him a good supper, Old Jacob went back to Lewes, promising that early the next week, after he had got through a job of boat-painting that he had on hand, he would go over with me, and we would begin operations on the bay. He seemed to think the case very promising. He said that when he was only a tot of a boy his father had pointed out to him the *Martha Ann's* anchorage, and that he thought he could tell to within a cable's length of where the schooner used to lie. I did not know how long a cable was, but from the tone in which Old Jacob spoke of it I judged that it must be short. I felt very well pleased with the progress that I was making, and when I told Susan all that Old Jacob had told me, she said that she looked upon the whole matter as being as good as settled. Indeed she kept me awake quite awhile that night while she sketched the outlines of the journey in Europe that we would take as soon as I could get my great-great-great-uncle's treasure dug up, and its non-interest-bearing doubloons converted into interest-bearing bonds.

III.

The day after I had this talk with Old Jacob I was rather surprised by getting a telegram from my cousin Gregory Wilkinson, telling me that he was coming down to pay us a visit, and would be there that afternoon. I was not as much astonished as I would have been if the telegram had come from anybody else, because Gregory Wilkinson had a way of telegraphing that he was going to do things that nobody expected him to do, and I was used to it. Moreover, I had every reason for desiring to maintain very friendly relations with him. He had told me several times that he had made a will by which his large fortune was to be divided between me and a certain Asylum for the Relief and Education of Destitute Red Indian Children that he was very much interested in; and he had more than hinted that the asylum was not the legatee that was the more to be envied. This made me feel quite comfortable about the remote future, but it did not simplify the problem of living comfortably in the immediate present. My cousin was a very tough, wiry little man, barely turned of fifty. There was any quantity of life left in him—his father, who had been just such another, had lived till he was eighty-nine. There was not much of a chance, therefore, that either the asylum or I would receive anything from his estate for ever so long—and I may add I was very glad, for my part, that things were that way. Gregory Wilkinson was a first-rate fellow, for all his queerness and sudden ways, and I should have been sorry enough to have been his chief heir. One reason why I liked him so much was because he was so fond of Susan. When we were married—although he had not seen her then—he sent her forks, and he had lived up to those forks ever since.

Susan was rather flustered when I showed her the telegram; but she went to work with a will, and got the little spare room in order, and stewed some peaches and made some biscuits for supper. Susan's biscuits were something extraordinary. Gregory Wilkinson came all right, and after supper—he said that it was the nicest supper he had eaten in a long while—she did the honors of the Swallow's Nest in the pretty way that is her especial peculiarity. She showed him the cow-stable, with the cow in it, and the colored girl milking away in her usual vigorous fashion, the chickens, the garden, the peach-trees, and the nest under the eaves where the swallows had lived when we first came there. Then, as it grew dark, we sat on the little veranda while we smoked our cigars—that is, Gregory Wilkinson and I smoked—and all that Susan did was to try to poke her finger through the rings which I blew toward her; and I told why we had come down there, and what a good start we had made toward finding my great-great-great-uncle's buried money. And when I had got through, Susan told how, as soon as I had found it, we were going to Europe.

We neither of us thought that Gregory Wilkinson manifested as much enthusiasm in the matter as the circumstances of the case demanded; but then, as Susan pointed out to me, in her usual clear-headed way, it was not reasonable to expect a man with a fortune to be as eager to get one as a man without one would be.

"Very likely he'll give us his share for finding it," said Susan; "he don't want it himself, and it would be dreadful to turn the heads of all those destitute red Indian children by leaving it to them."

I should have mentioned earlier that, so far as we knew, my cousin and I were my great-great-great-uncle's only surviving heirs. The family luck had not held out any especially strong temptations in the way of pleasant things to live for, and so the family gradually had died off. Whatever my search should bring to light, therefore, would be divided between us two.

By the time that Old Jacob got through with his boat-painting, Gregory Wilkinson had gathered a sufficient interest in our money-digging to volunteer to go along with us to the bay. We had a two-seated wagon, and I took with me several things that I thought might be useful in an expedition of this nature—two spades, a pickaxe, a crowbar, a measuring tape that belonged to Susan, an axe, and a lantern (for, as Susan very truly said, we might have to do some of our digging after dark). I took also a pulley and a coil of rope, in case the box of treasure should prove so heavy that we could not otherwise pull it out from the hole. Old Jacob knew all about rigging tackle, and said that we could cut a pair of shear-poles in the woods. We were very much encouraged by the confident way in which Old Jacob talked about cutting shear-poles: it sounded wonderfully business-like. Susan, of course, was very desirous of going along, and I very much wanted to take her. But as we intended to stay all night, in case we did not find the treasure during our first day's search, and as the only place where we could sleep was an oysterman's shanty that Old Jacob knew about, she saw herself that it would not do. So she made the best of staying at home, in her usual cheery fashion, and promised, as we drove off, to have a famous supper ready for us the next night—when we would come home with our wagon-load of silver and gold.

It was a long, hot, dusty drive, and the mosquitoes were pretty bad as we drew near the coast. But we were cheered by the thought of the fortune that was so nearly ours, and we smoked our pipes at the mosquitoes in a way that astonished them. After we had taken out the horses and had eaten our dinner (Susan had put us up a great basket of provisions, with two of her own delicious peach pies on top) we walked down to the bay-side, with Old Jacob leading, to look for the place where the *Martha Ann* used to anchor. I took the tape-measure along, both because it might be useful, and because it made me think of Susan.

I was sorry to find that the clearer the lay of the land and water became, the more indistinct grew Old Jacob's remembrance of where his father had told him that the schooner used to lie.

"It mought hev ben about here," he said, pointing across to a little bay some way off on our left; "an' agin it mought hev ben about thar," with a wave of his hand toward a low point of land nearly half a mile off on our right; "an' agin it mought hev ben sorter atwixt an' atween 'em. Here or hereabouts, thet's w'at I say; here or hereabouts, sure."

Now this was perplexing. My plan, based upon Old Jacob's assurance that he could locate the anchorage precisely, was to hunt near the shore for likely-looking places and dig them up, one after another, until we found the treasure. But to dig up all the places where treasure might be buried along a whole mile of coast was not to be thought of. We implored Old Jacob to brush up his memory, to look attentively at the shape of the coast, and to try to fix definitely the spot off which the schooner had lain. But the more that he tried, the more confusing did his statements become. Just as he would settle positively—after much thinking and much looking at the sun and the coast line—on a particular spot, doubts would arise in his mind as to the correctness of his location; and these doubts presently would resolve themselves into the certainty that he was all wrong. Then the process of thinking and looking would begin all over again, only again to come to the same disheartening end. The short and long of the matter was that we spent all that day and a good part of the next in wandering along the bay-side in Old Jacob's wake, while he made and unmade his locations at the rate of about three an hour. At last I looked at Gregory Wilkinson and Gregory Wilkinson looked at me, and we both nodded. Then we told Old Jacob that we guessed we'd better hitch up the horses and drive home. It made us pretty dismal, after all our hopes, to hitch up the horses and drive home that way.

My heart ached when I saw Susan leaning over the front gate watching for us as we drove up the road. The wind was setting down toward us, and I could smell the coffee that she had put on the fire to boil as soon as she caught sight of us—Susan made coffee splendidly—and I knew that she had kept her promise, and had ready the feast that was to celebrate our success; and that made it all the dismaler that we hadn't any success to celebrate.

When I told her how badly the expedition had turned out she came very near crying; but she gave a sort of gulp, and then laughed instead, and did what she could to make things pleasant for us. We had our feast, but notwithstanding Susan's effort to be cheerful, it was about as dreary a feast as I ever had anything to do with. We brought Old Jacob in and let him feast with us; and he, to do him justice, was not dreary at all. He seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. Indeed the most trying part of that sorrowful supper party was the way in which Old Jacob recovered his spirits and declared at short intervals that his memory now was all right again. He even went so far as to say that with his eyes blindfolded and in the dark he could lead us to the precise spot off which the schooner used to lie.

Susan was disposed to regard these assertions hopefully, but we, who had been fumbling about with him for two days, well understood their baselessness. It was not Old Jacob's fault, of course, but his defective memory certainly was dreadfully provoking. Here was an enormous fortune slipping through our fingers just because this old man could not remember a little matter about where a schooner had been anchored.

After he had eaten all the supper that he could hold—which was a good deal—and had gone home, we told Susan the whole dismal story of how our expedition had proved to be a total failure. It was best, we thought, not to mince matters with her; and we stated minutely how time after time the anchorage of the schooner had been precisely located, and then in a little while had been unlocated again. She saw, as we did, that as a clew Old Jacob was not much of a success, and also that he was about the only thing in the least like a clew that we possessed. Realizing this latter fact, and knowing that his great age made his death probable at any moment, Susan strongly advised me, in her clear-sighted way, to have him photographed.

IV.

Gregory Wilkinson seemed to find himself quite comfortable in our little home, and settled down there into a sort of a permanency. We were glad to have him stay with us, for he was a first-rate fellow, and always good company in his pleasant, quiet way, and he told us two or three times that he was enjoying himself. He told me a great many more than two or three times that he considered Susan to be a wonderfully fine woman; indeed, he told me this at least once every day, and sometimes oftener. He was greatly struck—just as everybody is who lives for any length of time in the same house with Susan—by her capable ways, and by her unfailing equanimity and sweetness of temper. Even when the colored girl fell down the well, carrying the rope and the bucket along with her, Susan was not a bit flustered. She told me just where I would find the clothes-line and a big meat-hook; and when, with this hastily improvised apparatus, we had fished the colored girl up and got her safely on dry land again, she knew exactly what to do to make her all right and comfortable. As Gregory Wilkinson observed to me, after it was all over, from the way that Susan behaved, any one might have thought that hooking colored girls up out of wells was her regular business.

As to making Susan angry, that simply was impossible. When things went desperately wrong with her in any way she would just come right to me and cry a little on my shoulder. Then, when I had comforted her, she would chipper up and be all right again in no time. Gregory Wilkinson happened to come in one day while a performance of this sort was going on, and for fear that he should think it odd, Susan explained to him that it was a habit of hers when things very much worried her and she felt like being ugly to people. (The trouble that day was that the colored girl, who had a wonderful faculty for stirring up tribulation, had broken an India china teacup that had belonged to Susan's grandmother, and that Susan had thought the world of.) That evening while we were sitting on the veranda smoking, and before Susan, who was helping clear the supper table, had joined us, Gregory Wilkinson said to me, with even more emphasis than usual, that Susan was the finest woman he had ever known; and he added that he was very sorry that when he was my age he had not met and married just such another.

He and I talked a good deal at odd times about the money that our great-great-great-uncle the pirate had buried, and that through all these years had staid buried so persistently. He did not take much interest in the matter personally, but for my sake, and still more for Susan's sake, he was beginning to be quite anxious that the money should be found. He even suggested that we should take Old Jacob over to the bay-side and let him try again to find the *Martha Ann's* anchorage. But a little talk convinced us that this would be useless. The old man had been given every opportunity, during the two days that we had cruised about with him, to refresh his memory; and we both had been the pained witnesses of the curious psychological fact that the more he refreshed it, the more utterly unmanageable it had become. The prospect, we agreed, was a disheartening one, for it was quite evident that for our purposes Old Jacob was, as it were, but an elderly broken reed.

About this time I noticed that Gregory Wilkinson was unusually silent, and seemed to be thinking a great deal about something. At first we were afraid that he was not quite well, and Susan offered him both her prepared mustard plasters and her headache powders. But he said that he was all right, though he was very much obliged to her. Still he kept on thinking, and he was so silent and preoccupied that Susan and I were very uncomfortable. To have him around that way, and to be always wondering what he possibly could be thinking about, Susan said, made her feel as though she were trying to eavesdrop when nobody was talking.

One afternoon while we were sitting on the veranda—Susan and I trying to keep up some sort of a conversation, and Gregory Wilkinson thinking away as hard as ever he could think—a thin man in a buggy drove down the road and stopped at our hitching post. When he had hitched his horse he took out from the after-part of the buggy a large tin vessel standing on light iron legs, and came up to the house with it. He made us all a sort of comprehensive bow, but stopped in front of Susan, set the tin vessel upon its legs, and said:

"Madam, you behold before you the most economical device and the greatest labor-saving invention of this extraordinarily devicious and richly inventive age. This article, madam," and he placed his hand upon the tin vessel affectionately, "is Stowe's patent combination interchangeable churn and wash-boiler."

Susan did not say anything. She simply shuddered.

"As at present arranged, madam," the man went on, "it is a churn. Standing thus upon these light yet firm legs" (the thing wobbled outrageously), "with this serviceable handle projecting from the top, and communicating with an exceptionally effective churning apparatus within, it is beyond all doubt the very best churn, as well as the cheapest, now offered on the American market. But observe, madam, that as a wash-boiler it is not less excellent. By the simple process of removing the handle, taking out the dasher, and unshipping the legs—the work, as you perceive, of but a moment—the process of transformation is complete. As to the trifling orifice that the removal of the handle leaves in the lid, it becomes, when the wash-boiler side of this Protean vessel is uppermost, a positive benefit. It is an effective safety-valve. Without it, I am not prepared to say that the boiler would not burst, scattering around it the scalded, mangled remains of your washer-woman and utterly ruining your week's wash.

"And mark, madam, mark most of all, the economy of this invention. I need not say to you, a house-keeper of knowledge and experience, that churning day and wash day stand separate and distinct upon your household calendar. Under no circumstances is it conceivable that the churn and the wash-boiler shall be required for use upon the same day. Clearly the use of the one presupposes and compels the neglect of the other. Then why cumber your house with these two articles, equally large and equally unwieldly, when, by means of the beautiful invention that I have the honor of presenting to your notice, the two in one can be united, and money and house-room alike can be saved? I trust, madam, I believe, that I have said enough to convince you that my article is all that fancy can paint or bright hope inspire; that in every household made glad by its presence it will be regarded always and forever as a heaven-given boon!" Suddenly dropping his rhetorical tone and coming down to the tone of business, the man went on: "You'll buy one, won't you? The price—"

The change of tone seemed to arouse Susan from the spell-bound condition in which she had remained during this extrordinary harangue.

"O-o-o-oh!" she said, shudderingly, "do take the horrid, horrid thing right away!" Then she fled into the house.

I was very angry at the man for disturbing Susan in this way, and I told him so pretty plainly; and I also told him to get out. At this juncture, to my astonishment, Gregory Wilkinson interposed by asking what the thing was worth; and when the man said five dollars, he said that he would buy it. The man had manifested a disposition to be ugly while I was giving him his talking to, but when he found that he had made a sale, after all, he grew civil again. As he went off he expressed the hope that the lady would be all right presently, and the conviction that she would find the combination churn and wash-boiler a household blessing that probably would add ten years to her life.

"What on earth did you buy that for?" I asked, when the man had gone.

"Oh, I don't know. It seems to be a pretty good wash-boiler, anyway. I heard your wife say the other day that she wanted a wash-boiler. She needn't use it as a churn if she don't want to, you know."

"But my wife never will tolerate that disgusting thing, with its horrid suggestiveness of worse than Irish uncleanliness, about the house," I went on, rather hotly. "I really must beg of you to send it away."

"All right," he answered. "I'll *take* it away. I'm going to New York to-morrow, and I'll take it along."

"And what ever will you do with it in New York?" I asked.

"Well, I can't say positively yet, but I guess I'll send it out to the asylum. They'd be glad to get it there, I don't doubt—not as a churn, you know, but for wash-boiling."

Then he went on to tell me that one of the things that he especially wanted done at the asylum with his legacy was the construction of a steam-laundry, with a thing in the middle that went round and round, and dried the clothes by centrifugal pressure. He explained that the asylum was only just starting as an asylum, and was provided not only with very few destitute red Indian children, but also with very few of the appliances which an institution of that sort requires, and that was the reason why he had selected it, in preference to many other very deserving charities, to leave his money to.

I must say that I was glad to hear him talking in this strain, for his sudden announcement of his intended departure for New York, just after I had spoken so warmly to him, made me fear that I had offended him. But it was clear that I hadn't, and that his going off in this unexpected fashion did not mean anything. He always did have a fancy for doing things suddenly.

Susan was worried about it, in just the same way, when I told her; but she ended by agreeing with me that he was not in the least offended at anything. Indeed that evening we both were very much pleased to notice what good spirits he was in. His preoccupied manner was entirely gone, and, for him, he was positively lively. Evidently, whatever the thing was that he had been thinking about so hard, he had settled it in a way that satisfied him.

Just as we were going to bed he told me, in what struck me at the time as rather an odd tone, that he was under the impression that he had somewhere a chest full of old family papers, and that possibly among these papers there might be something that would tell me how to find the fortune that Susan and I certainly deserved to have. As he said this he laughed in a queer sort of way, and then he looked at Susan very affectionately, and then he took each of us by the hand.

"Oh!" said Susan, rapturously (when Susan is excited she always begins what she has to say with an "Oh!" I like it). "To think of finding a piece of old yellow parchment with a quite undecipherable cryptogram written on it in invisible ink telling us just where we ought to dig! How perfectly lovely! Why *didn't* you think of it sooner?"

"Because I have been neither more nor less than a blind old fool. And—and I have to thank you, my dear," he continued, still speaking in the queer tone, "for having effectually opened my eyes." As he made this self-derogatory and quite incomprehensible statement he turned to Susan, kissed her in a great hurry, shook our hands warmly, said good-night, and trotted off upstairs to his room. His conduct was very extraordinary. But then, as I have already mentioned, Gregory Wilkinson had a way of always doing just the things which nobody expected him to do.

He had settled back into his ordinary manner by morning; at least he was not much queerer than usual, and bade us good-by cheerily at the Lewes railway station. I had hired a light wagon and had driven him over in time for the early train, bringing Susan along, so that she might see the last of him. What with all three of us, his trunk and valise, and the churn-wash-boiler, we had a wagon-load.

Susan was horrified at the thought of his giving the churn-wash-boiler to the asylum. "Even if they only are allowed to use it as a wash-boiler," she argued, earnestly, "think what dreadful ideas of untidiness it will put into those destitute red Indian children's heads!—ideas," she went on, "that will only tend to make them disgrace instead of doing credit to the position of easy affluence to which your legacy will lift them when they return to their barbaric wilds. If you *must* give it to them, at least conceal from them—I beg of you, conceal from them—the fatal fact that it ever was meant to be a churn too."

Gregory Wilkinson promised Susan that he would conceal this fact from the destitute red Indian children; and then the train started, and he and the churn-wash-boiler were whisked away. We really were very sorry to part with him.

V.

Two or three days later I happened to meet Old Jacob as I was coming away from the post-office in Lewes, and I was both pained and surprised to perceive that the old man was partially intoxicated. When he caught sight of me he came at me with such a lurch that had I not caught him by the arm he certainly would have fallen to the ground. At first he resented this friendly act on my part, but in a moment he forgot his anger and insisted upon shaking hands with me with most energetic warmth. Then he swayed his lips up to my ear, and asked in a hoarse whisper if that old cousin chap of mine had got home safely the night before, and wanted to know, with a most mysterious wink, if things was all right *now*.

I was grieved at finding Old Jacob in this unseemly condition, and I also was ruffled by his very rude reference to my cousin. I endeavored to disengage my hand from his, and replied with some dignity that Mr. Wilkinson at present was in New York, whither he had returned several days previously. But Old Jacob declined to relinquish my hand, and, with more mysterious winks, declared in a muzzy voice that I might trust *him*, and that I needn't say that my cousin was in New York, when he and him had been a-ridin' around together to the bay and back ag'in only the day before. And then he went off into a rambling account of this expedition, which in its main features resembled the expedition that we all three had taken together, but which displayed certain curious details as it advanced that I could not at all account for. By all odds the most curious of these details was that they had taken a large tin vessel along with them, Old Jacob's description of which tallied strangely closely with that of the churn-wash-boiler, and that they had left it behind them when they returned. But as he mixed this up with a lot of stuff about having shown my cousin the course of an old creek that a storm had filled with sand fifty years and more before, I could not make head nor tail of it.

Yet somehow there really did seem to be more than mere drunken fancy in what he was telling me; for in spite of his muzzy way of telling it, his story had about it a curious air of truth; and yet it all was so utterly preposterous that belief in it was quite out of the question. To make matters worse, when I begged the old man to try to remember very carefully whether or not he really had made a second trip to the bay, or only was telling me about the trip that the three of us had made together, he suddenly got very angry, and said that he supposed I thought he was drunk, and if anybody was drunk I was, and he'd fight me for five cents any time. And then he began to shake his old fists at me, and to go on in such a boisterous way that, in order to avoid a very unpleasant scene upon the public streets, I had to leave him and come home.

When I told Susan the queer story that Old Jacob had told me she was as much perplexed and disturbed by it as I was. To think of Gregory Wilkinson driving around the lower part of the State of Delaware in this secret sort of way, in company with Old Jacob and the churn-wash-boiler, as she very truly said, was like a horrible dream; and she asked me to pinch her to make sure that it wasn't.

"But even pinching me don't prove anything," she said, when I had performed that office for her. "For—don't you see?—I might dream that I was dreaming, and asked you to pinch me, and that you did it; and I suppose," she went on, meditatively, "that I might even dream that I woke up when you pinched me, and yet that I might be sound asleep all the while. It really is dreadfully confusing, when you come to think of it, this way in which you can have dreams inside of each other, like little Chinese boxes, and never truly know whether you're asleep or awake. I don't like it at all."

Without meaning to, Susan frequently talks quite in the manner of a German metaphysician.

The next day we received a letter from Gregory Wilkinson that we hoped, as we opened it, would clear up the mystery. But before we had finished it we were in such a state of excitement that we quite forgot that there was any mystery to clear up. My cousin wrote from his home in New York, and made no allusion whatever to a second visit to Lewes, still less to a second expedition with Old Jacob to Rehoboth Bay. After speaking very nicely of the pleasant time that he had passed with us, he continued:

"I enclose a memorandum that seems to have a bearing upon the whereabouts of the hidden family fortune. I am sorry, for Susan's sake, that it is neither invisible nor undecipherable; but I think that for practical purposes visible ink and readable English are more useful. I advise you to attend to the matter at once. It may rain."

The enclosure was a scrap of paper, so brown with age that it looked as though it had been dipped in coffee, on which was written, in astonishingly black ink, this brief but clear direction:

Sheer uppe ye planke midwai atween ye oake and ye hiccorie saplyngs 7 fathom Est of Pequinky crik on ye baye. Ytte is all there.

There was no date, no signature, to this paper, but neither Susan nor I doubted for a moment that it was the clew to my great-great-great-uncle's missing fortune. With a heart almost too full for utterance, Susan went straight across the room to the big dictionary (Gregory Wilkinson had given it to us at Christmas, with a handy iron stand to keep it on), and in a trembling voice the dear child told me in one single breath that a fathom was a measure of length containing six feet or two yards, generally used in ascertaining the depth of the sea. Then, without waiting to close the dictionary, she threw herself into my arms and asked me to kiss her hard!

Susan wanted to start right off that afternoon—she was determined to go with me this time, and I had not the heart to refuse her; but I represented to her that night would be upon us before we could get across to the bay, and that we had better wait till morning. But I at once went over and hired the light wagon for the next day, and then we got together the things which we deemed necessary for the expedition. The tape-measure, of course, was a most essential part of the outfit. Susan declared that she would take exclusive charge of that herself; it made her feel that she was of importance, she said. During all the evening she was quite quivering with excitement—and so was I, for that matter—and I don't believe that we slept forty winks apiece all night long.

We were up bright and early, and got off before seven o'clock—after Susan had given the colored girl a great many directions as to what she should and should not do while we were gone. This was the first time that we ever had left the colored girl alone in the house for a whole day, and Susan could not help feeling rather anxious about her. It would be dreadful, she said, to come home at night and find her bobbing up and down dead at the bottom of the well.

As we drew near the bay I asked several people whom we happened to meet along the road if they knew where Pequinky Creek was, and I was rather surprised to find that they all said they didn't. At last, however, we were so fortunate as to meet with quite an old man who was able to direct us. He seemed to be a good deal astonished when I put the question to him, but he answered, readily:

"Yes, yes, o' course I knows where 'tis—'tain't nowhere. Why, young man, there hain't ben any Pequinky Crik fur th' better part o' sixty year—not sence thet gret May storm druv th' bay shore right up on eend an' dammed th' crik short off, an' turned all th' medders thereabouts inter a gret nasty ma'sh, an' med a new outlet five mile an' more away t' th' west'ard. Not a sign o' Pequinky Crik will you find at this day—an' w'at I should like ter know is w'ere on yeth a young feller like you ever s' much as heerd tell about it."

This was something that I had not counted on, and I could see that Susan was feeling very low in her mind. But by questioning the old man closely I gradually got a pretty clear notion of where the mouth of the creek used to be; and I concluded that, unless the oak and hickory had been cut down or washed away, I stood a pretty good chance of finding the spot that I was in search of. Susan did not take this hopeful view of the situation. She was very melancholy.

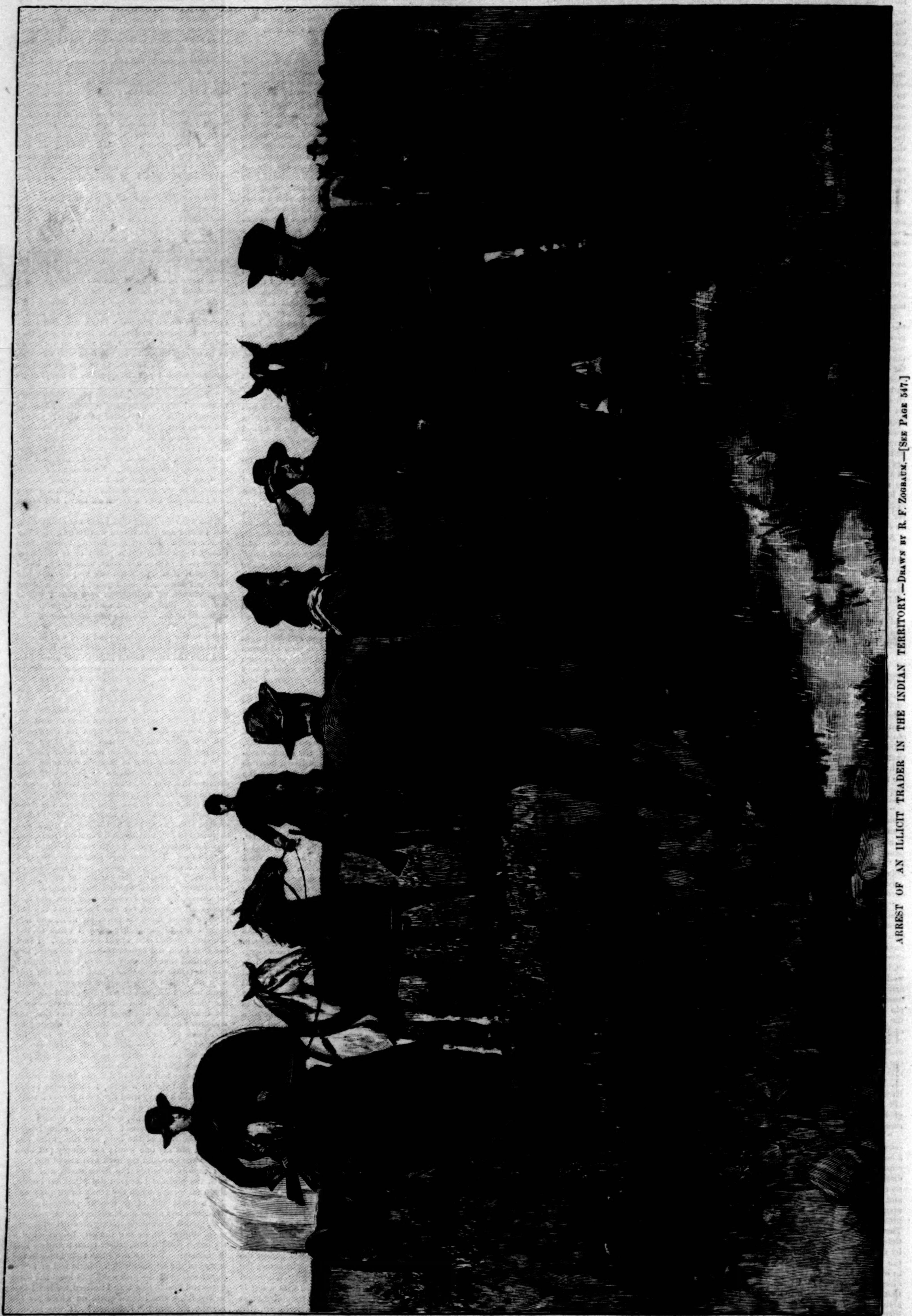
Following the old man's directions, I drove down to the point on the road that was nearest to where the Pequinky in former times had emptied into the bay; then I hitched the horse to a tree, and with Susan and the tape-measure began my explorations. They lasted scarcely five minutes. With no trouble at all I found the oak and the hickory—grown to be great trees, as I had expected—and with the tape-measure we fixed the point midway between them in no time. Then I went back to the wagon for the spade and the other things, Susan going along and dancing around and around me in sheer delight. It is a fortunate trait of Susan's character that while her spirits sometimes do fall a very long distance in a very short time, they rise to proportionate heights with proportionate rapidity.

The point that we had fixed between the trees was covered thickly with leaves, and when I had cleared these away and had begun to dig, I was surprised to find that the soil came up freely, and was not matted together with roots as wood soil ought to be. I should have paid more attention to this curious fact, no doubt, had I not been so profoundly stirred by the excitement incident to the strange work in which I was engaged. As for Susan, the dear creature said that she had creeps all over her, for she knew that the old pirate's ghost must be hovering near, and she begged me to notify her when I came to the skeleton, so that she might look away. I told her that I did not expect to find a skeleton, but she replied that this only showed how ignorant *I* was of pirate ceremonial; that it was the rule with all pirates when burying treasure to sacrifice a human life, and to bury the dead body over the hidden gold. She admitted, however—upon my drawing her attention to the fact that the treasure which we were in the act of digging up had been placed here by my relative only for temporary security—that in this particular instance the human sacrifice part of the pirate programme might have been omitted.

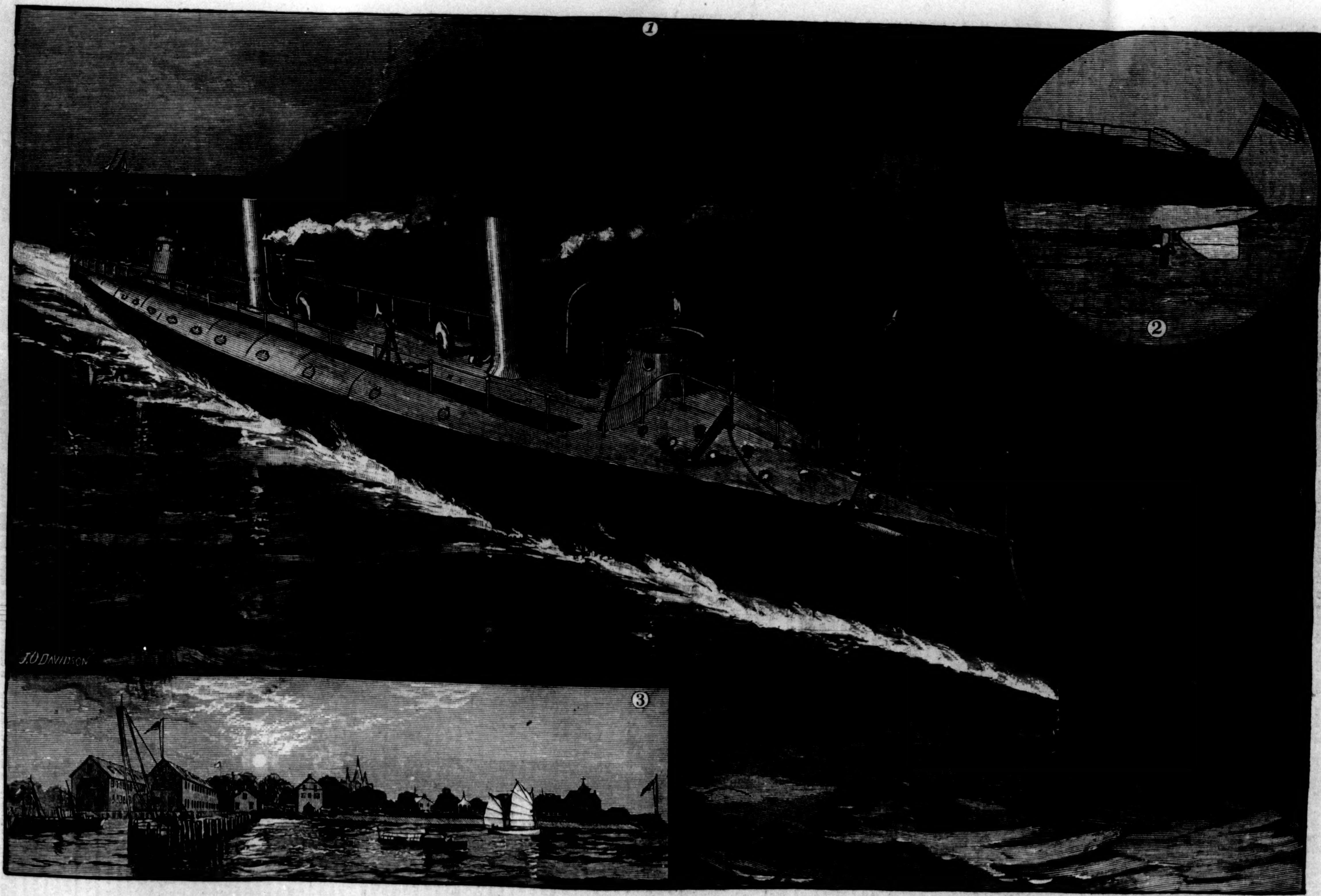
Just as we had reached this conclusion—which disappointed Susan a little, I think—my spade struck with a heavy thud against a piece of wood. Clearing the earth away, I disclosed some fragments of rotten plank, and beneath these I saw something that glittered! Susan, standing beside me on the edge of the hole, saw the glitter too. She did not say one word; she simply put both of her arms around my neck and kissed me.

I rapidly removed the loose earth, and then with the pickaxe I heaved the plank up bodily. But what we saw when the plank came away was not a chest full of doubloons, pieces-of-eight, moidores, and other such ancient coins, mingled with golden ornaments thickly studded with precious stones; no, we saw the very bright lid of a tin box, a circular box, rather more than two feet in diameter. There was a small round hole in the centre of the lid, into which a little roll of newspaper was stuffed—presumably to keep the sand out—and beside this hole I noticed, soldered fast to the lid, a small brass plate on which my eye caught the word "Patented." It was strange enough to find the tin box in such perfect preserva-

(*Continued on page 546.*)



ARREST OF AN ILLICIT TRADER IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 547.]



OUR NEW NAVY—TORPEDO-BOAT No. 1.—[See Page 546.]
1. View of the Boat under Steam. 2. View of Stern. 3. The Herreshoff Works, at Bristol, Rhode Island.

(Continued from page 543.)

tion while the stout oak plank above it had rotted into fragments; but the wisp of newspaper, and the brass plate with its utterly out-of-place inscription, were absolutely bewildering. My head seemed to be going around on my shoulders, while something inside of it was buzzing dreadfully. Suddenly Susan exclaimed, in a tone of disgust and consternation, "It's—it's that perfectly horrid churn-wash-boiler!"

As she spoke these doomful words I recalled Old Jacob's drunken story, which I now perceived must have been true, and the dreadful thought flashed into my mind that Gregory Wilkinson must have gone crazy, and that this dreary practical joke was the first result of his madness. Susan meanwhile had sunk down by the side of the hole and was weeping silently.

As a vent to my outraged feelings I gave the wretched tin vessel a tremendous poke with the spade, that caved in one side of it and knocked the lid off. I then perceived that within it was an oblong package carefully tied up in oiled silk, and on bending down to examine the package more closely I perceived that it was directed to Susan. With a dogged resolve to follow out Gregory Wilkinson's hideous pleasantry to the bitter end, I lifted the package out of the box—it was pretty heavy—and began to open it. Inside the first roll of the cover was a letter that also was directed to Susan. She had got up by this time, and read it over my shoulder.

"My dear Susan,—I have decided not to wait until I die to do what little good I can do in the world. You will be glad, I am sure, to learn that I have made arrangements for the immediate erection of the steam-laundry at the asylum, as well as for the material improvement in several other ways of that excellent institution.

"At the same time I desire that you and your husband shall have the benefit immediately of the larger portion of the legacy that I always have intended should be yours at my death. It is here (in govt. 4's), and I hope with all my heart that your trip to Europe will be a pleasant one. I am very affectionately yours,

"Gregory Wilkinson."

"And to think," said Susan, as we drove home through the twilight, bearing our sheaves with us, and feeling very happy over them—"and to think that it should turn out to be your cousin Gregory Wilkinson who was the family pirate and had a hoard, and not your great-great-great-uncle, after all!"

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL OF THE ARMY.

(Continued from page 532, Supplement.)

of a thorough knowledge of lifting powers, and of the best methods of accomplishing results by the most economical employment of force, is indicated in the accompanying illustrations of the methods of dismounting and mounting heavy guns, of lifting them from the ground to the parapet of a fort, and of moving them from one carriage to another.

The study of artillery involves, first of all, proficiency in mathematics. Guns are built and fired on mathematical principles. Instruments determine very nearly everything, but, finally, the accuracy of the shot must depend somewhat on the judgment and coolness of the man in charge of the piece. If war were to be carried on in the future at the long range permitted by modern inventions in artillery, instruments would take the place of the human mind, which used to squint its eye over the barrel that was levelled in the direction of the enemy; but, big and far-carrying as modern ordnance is, human nature has not changed, and when the men of to-day engage in battle they will feel the irrepressible tendency of their kind to get as near as possible to their opponents. Fighting is not to be safer, but it will not last so long, for it will be more destructive. Nevertheless, a modern gun cannot be built, nor its charge determined, nor its projectile fired, without the application of mathematical formulæ and the use of instruments that would have sadly bothered the brains of the artillerists of a hundred years ago. It is impossible, and it would be uninteresting to the general reader, to go into the mathematical work of the school in detail. Even the course pursued by the enlisted men would be difficult to explain without some graphic illustrations. A rapid survey of some of the subjects considered by the student-officers and by the enlisted men will indicate the intellectual requirements of this arm of the service and the results aimed at by the school.

The first subject taught in the Artillery Department is exterior ballistics, which treats of the flight of projectiles after leaving the gun. The text-book used by the school was prepared by Captain Ingalls, of whose computation of the "jubilee shot" mention has been already made. The subjects under this head are given in the new programme of the school. Some of them are as follows: The mathematical study of the laws of resistance of the air to the motion of projectiles; the method of determining resistances, with deductions from the most notable experiments; the relation between time, space, and velocity; deflecting action of wind; drift; jump; moment of inertia of an oblong projectile of different forms; calculation of range tables; plotting of trajectories.

The manner in which a trajectory is plotted may be seen from the illustration of the line traversed by the "jubilee shot." The distance of every essential point of the trajectory from the ground must be calculated and the line drawn. Range tables indicate the point of impact of a shot fired from a certain piece under certain conditions. It is possible to tabulate a harbor for all the pieces that command it, and the tables may be depended upon to a certain point, although varying conditions of wind, atmosphere, and other elements of the environment make frequent corrections necessary.

Interior ballistics includes the study of the properties of powder. An extraordinary advance has been made in the manufacture of explosives since the close of our war. Special grades of powder are now used for specific pieces of artillery. Every kind of powder will no longer do for any variety of ordnance, and the artillerist must know precisely what his gun demands to secure its highest efficiency. At the school the students are instructed in the chemical properties of powder and of gases; in the heat developed by the explosion; in the expansive energy of the gaseous products; in the general equation of motion of a projectile in the bore, and in the mathematical theories in gun construction. The endeavor is to discover all that may be known of what goes on inside the gun during and after the explosion, and of what is likely to happen to the projectile after its expulsion from the muzzle. So far as modern ordnance is concerned, the artillerists of the United States must depend upon the experiments and observations that are made by foreign officers. There is not a modern gun at Fort Monroe. Most of the cannon are constructed on the patterns of thirty years ago. The only rifled cannon are some 8-inch converted guns. The investigations of the school proceed under difficulties which will be remedied whenever Congress grows generous and the Ordnance Bureau makes up its mind as to the kind of gun which the artillery needs, for it is one of the curious features of the peculiar organization of our army that the arm of the service which uses the guns and defends the fortifications has very little to say concerning the kind that shall be adopted or the methods of their construction.

Leaving ballistics, the next course concerns the "Employment of Artillery Material, Munitions, Armor, etc." It includes the metallurgy of gun-metals; the constitution and the processes of manufacture of different kinds of iron and steel; the casting, converting, and rifling of guns; machine guns; the construction of gun-carriages; manufacture and uses of projectiles, fuses, and primers; the history and manufacture of armor; the experiments that have been made; the study of the trials between the target and ordnance. It includes gunnery, firing tactics to be employed against fleets, and the inspection of cannon with instruments.

The mere mention of what the officers of the school are expected to do shows not only how serious and practical is the work of the establishment, but its high intellectual character. It is the testimony of officers of the artillery that the school has already accomplished very much for the improvement of their branch of the army. It has been stated, and there is no reason to doubt its truth, that in each one of recent classes there have been more well-instructed artillerists than could have been found twenty years ago in the whole army.

The course of study in the school for the enlisted men is naturally confined to artillery; but most civilians will be surprised to find what the non-commissioned officers are expected to know. They are taught the phenomenon of explosion; the constituent parts of explosives; the comparative advantages of the different forms of the grain of powder; the gravity, density, pressure, and velocity of explosives. They are also taught how to pack and care for these destructive and dangerous agents. They study the nature of fuses and their uses; projectiles in all their forms, and their comparative values; the advantages and disadvantages of rifled guns, and the various systems of manufacture; the structure and motions of rockets; the meanings of terms employed. They are instructed in the different kinds of arms of the artillery service; the different uses to which they may be put; the various parts of a gun, and their rationale; the methods of constructing guns; the various instruments used for inspecting ordnance—the barometer, thermometer, hygrodeik, anemometer, densimeter, pressure-plug, and chronograph. They are also taught how to make range tables, and all the mechanical work that is essential in the manipulation of both heavy and field artillery. In a word, the enlisted men—at least, those who become non-commissioned officers—are expected to have an intelligent knowledge of their weapons, and a private achieves his chevrons by profitable attendance upon the school for enlisted men. In the new programme the men are instructed in some of the elementary principles of mechanics and mechanical engineering, and in electricity.

The practical work in artillery, with the exception of firing, goes on whenever out-of-door work is possible; that is, when it is not too hot or too cold, or too stormy. Among the improvements greatly needed at the post is the filling in of the parade-ground, much of which is under water after heavy storms. The mechanical drills and the firings are illustrated in the accompanying pictures. It was probably of the formation about the howitzer that a prominent militia officer complained, because the men did not follow the tactics of the infantry, with which he happened to be familiar.

The firing at a target takes place in July, August, and September. It is sometimes participated in by other troops than those who are stationed at Fort Monroe. Last summer, for example, five batteries from Washington Barracks and three from Fort McHenry were sent there for their annual heavy artillery practice. A large part of the practical artillery-work consists of the mechanical manœuvres to which allusion has been made, and which are illustrated.

It is in this important part of the course that the lack of modern ordnance and gun-carriages is chiefly felt. The officers and men are necessarily instructed in the manipulation of very much lighter pieces than are used in foreign armies and navies, because the government has no modern heavy ordnance. They are still firing muzzle-loading 15-inch smooth-bores and 8-inch converted rifles at targets set at a distance of from 2000 to 3500 yards. The carriages as well as the guns are old. The modern methods of absorbing the recoil have not been put into use in this country. There are no disappearing carriages. Notwithstanding all its disadvantages, the school keeps at work firing the guns that were used in the last war, and carefully plotting the shots. The 8-inch converted rifles, which are outside the walls of the fort, on the beach, are oftenest fired.

There is no better place on the coast for heavy artillery practice than Old Point Comfort. The broad Chesapeake Bay lies in front of the fort, and there is clear space for miles. The targets are distant not more than two miles, and the danger to vessels is nothing. Not even a small boat has been struck during all the years the target firing has been maintained. Hampton Roads is a great harbor, but it is not yet so busy that target practice in its waters is dangerous, while its great breadth and extent give the space that is needed.

The targets are stationary or drifting. The first are anchored; the second are towed about behind a tug or allowed to float out with the tide. The target being placed, its position is obtained trigonometrically. The base line, for this purpose, has been surveyed from the Rip Raps in the harbor to a point of the beach beyond the fort. By the use of transits and graduated circles from the observation stations at the ends of this base line the distance of the target from the gun is obtained, and this is plotted on a plane table, on which is marked the base line, the two stations, and each gun being indicated by holes. These holes are the centres of arcs which are graduated in degrees, and any angle can be laid off to minutes from either station. The angles being reported by telegraph from one and by flag from the Rip Raps, the point of intersection of the lines from the stations to the target is measured. In the same way the distance of the striking-point of the shot is determined, the observers at the two stations noting the splash, and telegraphing and signalling the angles indicated by the reading of the arcs. The angles are plotted, and the striking-distance from the gun measured. Thus the deviation is discovered. Before the firing takes place, the quality of the powder is carefully considered. Its density and the percentage of moisture in it are determined by the densimeter and in the laboratory. The crew of a gun understands precisely what each shot has accomplished, the weight of the projectile, and the quality and condition of the powder used to drive it from the gun.

Besides the practice with the big guns, there is mortar and light artillery practice. Some new steel breech-loaders have been sent to the fort for trial. The government has several of these new field-pieces, but they have not been distributed. There is also the rifle practice, which, within a few years, has become one of the most prominent and important exercises at every military post of the army. Last April the great storm in the Chesapeake destroyed the rifle range of Fort Monroe, and it is somewhat doubtful if money to replace it can be obtained until Congress passes another army appropriation bill. This means, briefly, that if during a recess of Congress any branch of the public service is crippled by such an accident as is designated in marine insurance policies as "an act of God," the damage cannot be repaired, however necessary to the public welfare the work of the particular service may be, until Congress meets again, or unless, by squeezing economy, money that was intended and needed for another purpose may be diverted.

Electricity has a great deal to do in connection with modern artillery, and plays a very important part in all recent systems of coast defence. Electricity and submarine mining are therefore exceedingly valuable features of the course at the Artillery School, and in the new programme the work of the department is very greatly increased and advanced. Electricity is studied theoretically and practically, and for the purposes of this department the school has an excellent outfit.

Submarine mining embraces the examination of all kinds of torpedoes, the causes of their failure, and the conditions under which success is obtained. Instruction is also given in the methods of manufacturing and firing both mechanical and electrical torpedoes. The difficulty that operates against the complete success of the Torpedo School at Willet's Point is keenly felt at Fort Monroe. Owing to the insufficiency of the appropriations, the school does not possess the materials with which to make practical experiments in planting, firing, and countermining torpedoes. The officers are familiar with the theories and with the various systems that have been adopted by other governments, but Congress will not probably give to them an opportunity to actually handle and conduct drills in submarine mining until the danger which torpedoes might avert is actually upon the country. There is a torpedo school for the navy at Newport, as well as that for the army at Willet's Point, and it is probably better supplied than the latter. The artillery, which will be called upon to use torpedoes, has no plant, except for the application of electricity.

There remains only space for a brief account of the other departments of the school. Under military science, the officers study minor tactics, logistics, battle tactics, and strategy. Practical problems are worked out, all of which involve the use of artillery.

The course in chemistry includes lectures in chemical philosophy, qualitative and quantitative analysis, the description and use of laboratory apparatus, the analysis of crude sulphur, crude nitre, and gunpowder, the theory and use of the densimeter. The six student-officers of each class who have shown the greatest aptitude in laboratory work pursue what is known as the "Advanced Course" in chemistry. In this course iron ores are analyzed, and the commercial tests of iron and steel are applied. It is within the option of the students to also examine the ores of copper and lead.

The nature, use, force, and effect of high explosives are studied in the second year of the course. Directions are given for manipulating and making explosives prepared with nitro-glycerine, and experiments are conducted.

For the purpose of familiarizing the officers with appliances for lifting heavy weights, they are taught the material, manufacture, care, and manipulation of cordage, pulleys, and tackles. They are also instructed in practical telegraphy and photography.

The standing of an officer of artillery depends very largely upon the manner in which he acquits himself at the Artillery School. Examinations are held by the instructor of each department, and the student-officers are marked for their proficiency or failure. They do not go through the form of attending school. They actually attend, and are graded as they used to be when they were cadets at West Point. They are also examined in the presence of the staff in the practical work of their profession, and they are informed, by the regulations of the school, that "in estimating standing and proficiency in the tactical exercises, the ability of officers to give the proper commands will not be alone considered, but their aptitude for seeing what is required, their power of imparting instruction to those under them, and their soldierly qualities and ability to command will be taken fully into account."

When the examinations are concluded, and the officers graded according to their special and general merits, a report is made by the staff of the school to the general-in-chief of the army. In it the officers who have distinguished themselves are designated, and the staff states "the professional employments for which any of them appear to be specially qualified." Officers who fail are also reported to the general-in-chief. A certificate is given to all who pass through the course successfully.

This outline of the history, purposes, and achievements of the Artillery School of the army will give to those who read it some knowledge which, unfortunately, the country generally does not possess. It will at least show that, among the officers of the army of the United States, there are many accomplished men engaged in serious and valuable work. It is greatly to the credit of these men that neglect and indifference have not destroyed their enthusiasm. It is owing solely to their patriotism and professional zeal that the country is in a position to begin the erection of coast defences. The Artillery School is a centre of light which proceeds entirely from the army. It owes its origin, its maintenance, and its great advance to the men whom it educates. The civil power of the government is not entitled to any gratitude for what has been accomplished at Fort Monroe. The school is what it is because the intelligence of the army, and especially of the artillery branch of the service, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of the advance of our whole military system, has kept abreast in the rapid race of modern scientific achievement. If we can defend our shores with the courage, ability, and energy which have been shown in developing the Artillery School, we need feel no fear of a foreign enemy.

THE DEEP-SEA TORPEDO-BOAT.

The Herreshoff torpedo-boat, built by the Bristol Company, gives our navy a type which for fifteen years has been developed as zealously by the other great maritime powers as it has been persistently neglected by us, though, curiously enough, we invented it, and were the first to demonstrate its practical advantages. The apologists for this cheese-paring policy invariably euphonize such delays as wise conservatism, and no war having intervened, they have in this case, perhaps, the best of the argument, for to-day widely divergent views exist as to the value of the weapon.

This form of attack was originally limited to the employment by ordinary steam-launches of spars fitted with powder tanks, so fused as to explode under control or by contact; and though in this crude shape its success was sufficient to justify extended experiments, little progress was made before the introduction of machine guns, murderously dominating all zones of approach, banned further attempts at direct attack. When, after some years, the tactical pendulum swung in turn from the offensive to the defensive point of rest, and gave a new weapon in the auto-mobile torpedo, the type was rehabilitated; for here, flying under water, at a constant depth and with fair accuracy, was a self-moving projectile which could be discharged from a small craft that need not approach the attacked vessel nearer than three or four hundred yards.

Of course the millennium had now arrived for torpedo enthusiasts, who, slaughtering thousands for the love of peace, declared the last word had been spoken, and that war was impossible, because its theories were revolutionized. Less than five years since, Gabriel Charmes decided that "a squadron attacked by torpedo-boats was a squadron lost"; and within three years, Admiral Aube, then French Minister of Marine, asserted that, as between the torpedo-boat and the armored battle ship, "the microbe would destroy the giant." Nor were governments less excited than individuals, for in a sudden frenzy of fear they galloped pell-mell into a fever of buying or building, and spurred sharply, into a keen race for supremacy, rival constructors everywhere. Thornycroft, Yarrow, and White, in England; Schichau in Prussia; Normandy in France; Herreshoff with us —indeed, in nearly every sea-frontiered country, builders, earlier or later, took up the fight, struggled Kilkennywise in it, and tooth and nail are at it yet.

Speed, dimensions, offensive power increased, and variant demands differentiated types, till at last, for the sake of clearness, two classes were established, one including boats of a size that could keep the sea independently, and the other such as could be carried on shipboard and be used as auxiliaries. In 1873 Thornycroft built for the Norwegian government a boat that was 57 feet in length, displaced 7½ tons, and made about 15 knots; then followed another, 67 feet long, which ran 18 knots; and so up the gamut constructors raced, until Yarrow, in 1881, reached 22½ knots with a 100-foot vessel over the measured mile, while Schichau, a little later, produced one that made, with a load of 12½ tons, 115 knots at the rate of 21⅛ knots per hour. Coal supplies were augmented, speeds went still higher, until finally the *Ariete*, a Thornycroft boat, 147 feet in length, rushed to the forefront last year with a speed of 26 knots.

Actual sea-work did not, however, realize these trial promises, and implicit confidence in the type is much disturbed by the experience gained in every tactical evolution since 1886. Too much was claimed—was promised; too much, in truth, was sacrificed for speed; and it is now granted by their warmest advocates that the boats are delicate instruments to handle, and that for sea service, lengths above 130 feet, with displacements over 90 tons, must be given. It is conceded by French experts that the smaller class is of value mainly for coast defence; that the much-belauded 35-metre boat cannot keep the sea nor carry coal enough for ordinary work, and that the 45-metre type is the smallest that can be profitably employed off shore. In England it is acknowledged that the hulls ought to be strengthened, the vitals protected, and indeed, if one may judge from the changes made in naval programmes, both for building and for evolutions, all other nations accept the compromises quoted.

It must be remembered that this alleged unseaworthiness does not relate to safety, or imply danger to life, for these boats have kept the ocean under the severest conditions of weather, and have made deep-water voyages—one, notably, by the *Childers*, to Australia, in the winter of 1884. The unfitness for outside service rests rather upon their want of habitability, upon the impossibility of living on board in the open; they are so boisterously lively, so persistent in their twistings and turnings, that the crew cannot rest, nor work, nor cook, nor indeed muster an appetite even could dinner be served. Then, too, these ballotings and tumblings tell quickly and disastrously upon machinery and armament, which are necessarily delicate, and worse than all, in a heavy sea, the offensive power, the speed, and even the *personnel* are apt to disappear summarily. Apart from these inherent difficulties, the pendulum now appears to be swinging the other way, for of late the resistance offered by steel-wire nets to auto-mobile torpedoes shows that a ship thus crinolined may be perfectly defended below the water-line.

Notwithstanding this expert uncertainty, this confusion of values, the Navy Department wisely determined to make its own tests, and submitted last year the plans of a first-class torpedo-boat to the competition of American ship-builders. This vessel is of the deep-sea, twin-screw type, and has the following dimensions: length, 138 feet; breadth, 15 feet; depth, 10 feet; draught, 4 feet 8 inches; displacement, about 100 tons, and estimated horse-power, 1600. The engines are of the five-cylindered, quadruple expansion type; the two boilers are of the latest Herreshoff design, and are placed in coal-protected compartments forward and abaft the engine-room; the interior is electrically lighted, and divided into eleven water-tight compartments; each of the two conning towers carries a search-light, and the armament will consist of two torpedo tubes in the bow, one torpedo gun aft, and three 37-pounder rapid-fire guns. The trial will be a continuous run for three consecutive hours, and fifteen tons' weight must be carried. Should the boat be finally accepted, a bonus or penalty for speed accomplishment is provided: $1500, in addition to the contract price, will be given if the mean speed exceeds 22 knots, and $2000 will be paid for each quarter of a knot above 23 knots; but in case the speed falls below 22 knots, $4000 are to be refunded by the builder, and if it does not reach 20 knots, the government reserves the right to reject the vessel.

These conditions were accepted by the Herreshoff Company, and in the light of their past success, it may safely be prophesied that the speed expected will be attained in the boat just completed. The trials will be watched with the greatest interest, because in the great problem of coast defence there is no other country to which torpedo-boats, whether of the first or second class, can be of such paramount importance. The larger boats will necessarily form a part of the first line, with the battle-ships, rams, and cruisers; and the smaller ones gathered along shore, secreted in creeks and bayous, rendezvoused in bays and harbors, and, should the necessity arise, transported by railways and canals from central stations to threatened positions, will prove most important auxiliaries to those heavily armored and powerfully armamented coast and harbor defence vessels upon which, as the second line, our safety so much depends.

A CAPTURED TRADER.

One of the purposes for which troops, under express provisions of the Revised Statutes, may be employed in the Indian Territory is the arrest of illicit traders. In that Territory, and in all reservations set apart for the use of the red men, the government guarantees that whites shall be kept away. Exceptions are made, of course, under the permits of the Indian Bureau, through its agents, and soldiers are also authorized to perform certain duties there. But the chances of profit carry into the Indian country traders who have no authority to enter it. The tribes themselves in some instances encourage their presence, especially where they have alcoholic liquor among their goods, the selling of which to Indians is forbidden anyway, and they are the more tempted to risk arrest and punishment from the good prices they can get. When their presence becomes known, troops are sometimes summoned by the agents to scout for and arrest the offenders.

Rather a striking instance of the trouble occasionally caused by illicit traders occurred among the Navajos of New Mexico a year or two ago. A squad of soldiers, starting from Fort Wingate to arrest whiskey peddlers, was confronted by a large force of Navajos, who declared that the men should not be taken away. The sergeant in charge of the squad, finding his party greatly outnumbered, was compelled to proceed to Fort Defiance, where the Indian Agent communicated with Fort Wingate, and a troop of cavalry was sent out. For a time an outbreak of this powerful tribe was feared from the mischief thus stirred up by the whiskey sellers. More recent testimony to the connection between the suppression of illicit traders and the well-being of the Indians is given in this extract from the last annual report of Mr. Carroll H. Potter, acting agent for the Osages in the Indian Territory: "There has been no improvement in the condition of the Osage Indians during the last year. These people are not sufficiently industrious to control in the right direction the amount of money they get. In consequence a large share is spent for contraband articles, which it seems very easy for them to procure along the State line and from peddlers on the reservation. The latter class the Indians will protect in every possible way. The traffic in whiskey by peddlers on the reservation is, in my opinion, alarmingly on the increase."

Mr. Zogbaum gives a sketch in this number of the Weekly of the arrest of an illicit trader in the Indian country. Some cavalrymen have come down upon him and his outfit, and have brought him to the officer in command of the party. The quiet, undemonstrative character of the scene suggests that the officer and the trader facing each other perfectly understand the nature of the offence, and will exchange very few words about it.

ON THE BRIDLE-PATH IN CENTRAL PARK.

Nobody who has made even the most cursory experiences or observations upon the bridle-path in the Central Park can need any verbal assurance that it has been the scene of Mr. Remington's vivid and remarkable pictures. So far as the quadrupeds are concerned, some of them might perhaps have been equally well gathered from Hyde Park or the Bois, though the shooting action of the American trotter, as the American artist has depicted him in full career, would testify his nationality to horsemen. The thoroughbred, however, though it is to England that he owes his nurture and development, is now the common possession of Europe and America. Even in the more powerful and more generally useful animal that owes its speed and its spirit to him, and is known as "half-bred," no matter what the precise admixture of patrician and plebeian elements in its breeding may be, it is scarcely distinguishable upon the common stock of what country he is founded. That an infusion of the English racing strain is desirable in a saddle-horse is recognized now in every stud from Trakene to Miles City. The American saddle-horse, for which a distinctive demand has set in only within a few years, is already successfully compounded in the Northwest in various proportions, not yet accurately adjusted, of the thoroughbred and the broncho. This latter has as clear a title to be called an indigenous American horse as any Caucasian biped has to be called an indigenous American man—a much clearer title, indeed, if we reckon by the number of generations that have elapsed since his Spanish ancestors left Europe behind. He is a beast of very limited utility for draught, but the endurance and even the "cussedness" which his nomadic habits and his unfavorable experience of mankind have impressed upon him supply in him an excellent basis for a saddle-horse when crossed with an animal of greater size, higher speed, and more power. The combination has already so far succeeded that those Northwestern breeders do not seem to be over-sanguine who look forward to the time when the cavalries of Europe shall be remounted from America.

In the present series of sketches the artist has not undertaken to include all the types, either of horses or of horsemen and horsewomen, that the bridle-path affords. The mounted Park policeman is mounted upon a long-tailed animal as unmistakably American as himself or as a troop horse of an American cavalry regiment, and it is fitted with the regulation saddle and single-reined curb bridle. The untempered broncho himself is by no means uncommon on the bridle-path, and one may often see the Mexican saddle of stamped leather, with high pommel and cantle and hooded stirrups. Nevertheless, the character of the bridle-path as a fashionable equestrian resort is undoubtedly given by the horses and the equipments that the artist has chosen. The cruel disfigurement of the docked tail has almost completely superseded, for the typical riders of the Central Park, not only nature's notion of what becomes a horse, but the racing bang which is held to smarten the horse's appearance at the expense of a foot or so of fly-brush. A circular shoe-brush seems to be the model which the present race of horse barbers have set themselves, and which they come ludicrously near attaining.

It is the riders, however, in Mr. Remington's drawings that betray their nationality. The male Anglomaniac, however faithful his imitation of English horse and man millinery may be, cannot doff his inherited countenance. The horsewomen, it is to be hoped, do not even desire to do so, for much and justly as they may exult in the tailor-made habit and the high hat, there are not many of them who would take it as a compliment to be told that they looked like English women. Whether they would or not, they unquestionably don't. The British lounger, fresh from Rotten Row, might think he was at home as he stood on the wall of the reservoir, at five o'clock on a fine afternoon, to see the equestrian procession go by, so long as he looked only at the horses and the clothes; but a glance at the nervous visages and spare figures of one sex, softened in the other into bright alertness of face and lissome grace of form, would convince him that he was in a new land.

Mr. Remington's drawings, however, are so much more interesting as pieces of art than as mere illustrations that it seems futile to discuss them in this latter aspect, except to assure the remote reader of their accuracy. The startling reality of these drawings may very likely lead the untrained observer to attribute this quality to the introduction of instantaneous photography, whereas the effect most commonly, and indeed almost without exception, attained by that art in the representation of horses in motion is an impression of startling unreality, and of unnatural fixedness. While a horse in the momentary hang over the hurdle may be photographed, no position of the trot or of the gallop represents a trotting or a galloping horse. It is the reassembling and blending of these evanescent postures, either mechanically by the zoetrope, or artistically by the painter, that conveys the sense of motion. No doubt scientific knowledge has its legitimate influence upon art; the camera has its use in teaching the artist to look for what he is assured by it is there. Even in this respect its uses are limited. It was very long before Muybridge that Delacroix selected the gathered instead of the conventionally extended position of the running horse as the more characteristic of furious motion, as Mr. Remington has done here in his headlong runaway. The truth and force of the action in the horse galloping forward will be appreciated by whoever has really watched a horse approaching at this gait and appreciated neither less nor more if he happen to be familiar with what photography has done, not toward its representation, but toward its dissection. It is conceivable, perhaps, that the delightful dancing poise of the thorough-bred carrying a girl in Mr. Remington's picture might have been caught by the camera, but it is quite certain that no camera has ever caught it. The question, indeed, that most appreciative persons feel inclined to put when dislocated fractions of flowing movement are put before them by photography is, "Can these bones live?" It is the artist who must furnish the answer.

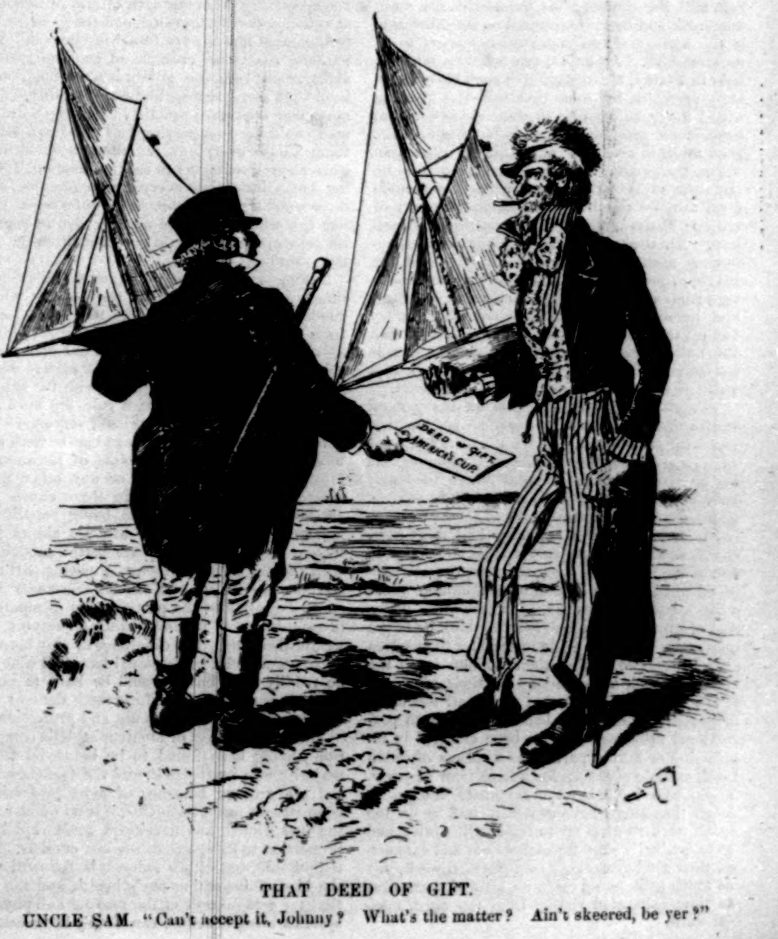
THE GROWTH OF AMATEUR ATHLETICS.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

The growth of amateur athletic sport has been very steady during the past ten or fifteen years. It is safe to say that sports, as followed by amateurs, will continue to gain in popular support faster, in proportion to their following, than professional games will, for in the former the chief end in view is the sport itself, while in the latter the money is the main point, and the sport is all right so long as it produces the money. There have been so many professional contests where charges of fraud as to the results of them have been made, that the public of to-day needs pretty strong guarantee as to the honesty of the contestants and the so-called backers before support will be given. With amateurs it is quite different. In the first place, the patrons of amateur sport are not, as a rule, betting men. There are bets made at most of the important matches of amateurs at yachting, rowing, athletics, tennis, billiards, and bowling, but it would be very strange if such bets were ever of magnitude enough to influence a truthful result of the competition. In other words, amateur contests are, as a rule, patronized by a class of society whose business interests are good enough not to need any auxiliary, such as amateur sport might be made.

It has taken some time for the public to see the difference between amateur and professional sport, but a strict line between them has been drawn, and so many are versed on the subject that the comparative few who are not do not seem to exert much influence through their ignorance. A glance at the list of officers of any of the large athletic clubs of this country or England will reveal names prominently identified with the upper ranks of society and business. There is no better proof of the advancement and standard of amateur sport than this fact, and judging by clubs now in existence, and also those forming, amateur athletics in the future bid fair to become a fixture among civilized nations. There is no doubt that if people had more time they would indulge much more freely in pastime than they do even now. Out-door recreation is to the majority of men a luxury, because their every-day vocations keep them so confined, and when they do manage to have the time they very often feel more like keeping quiet than taking even the lightest kind of physical exercise. The Saturday early-closing movement, which is gaining such headway in this country among business institutions, is undoubtedly a great impetus to the following of amateur sport, for if men feel that they can indulge in this recreation with no interference to more important subjects, they naturally will take more kindly to it. The question has often been asked why it is that the West is not so far advanced in amateur sports as the East, for there is no question about there being plenty of material to build on out there, and many would think that the material there would make better subjects for athletic sports than that found East, on account of having a presumedly hardier and more rugged set to draw from. It does not matter what kind of a foundation a man has for the successful indulgence in athletic sport, if he has not time for it, the community never will hear of him. That is very much the case of our Western brethren, for civilization in the way of leisure is not quite so far advanced there as in the East. It is growing more so, however, every year, and the West is now further advanced in amateur pastimes than the East was a dozen years ago.

It will be interesting to note a few figures showing the amount of capital invested in different amateur athletic clubs throughout the country. The constitutions and by-laws of these various clubs read that the object of the clubs is the promotion and encouragement of physical



THAT DEED OF GIFT.

UNCLE SAM. "Can't accept it, Johnny? What's the matter? Ain't skeered, be yer?"